

# Sports Illustrated

MAY 1, 1961

25 CENTS

**KENTUCKY DERBY PREVIEW**





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(don't you wish everybody did?)

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Cover painting by Daniel Schreier

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## Next week

Five pages of color photographs by Mark Kaulfman show a traditional sport in an unorthodox setting—an English-style fox hunt on the desert near Palm Springs, Calif.

Roy Terrell recounts the wildly improbable saga of Jimmy Winkfield, who won the Kentucky Derby twice (1901, '02) and hasn't been seen since. He will see this one Saturday.

A portrait by Alfred Wright of Gary Player, the handsome 25-year-old South African whose victory in this year's Masters shot him straight to the top of professional golf.





## GO "OFF TO THE RACES" IN MAY!

• May 6 — KENTUCKY DERBY, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.  
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## POINT OF FACT

A harness racing guide to measure the  
ingenuity and add to the knowledge of  
the \$2 better and the armchair expert

? What is a standardbred horse?

• The standardbred originally was called by this name because he had to race up to a certain standard of speed, usually against the clock. With few exceptions, today's standardbred must trace his pedigree back through generations of registered standardbreds. The exception is the occasional horse of unknown pedigree who can meet a mile time limit of 2:20 for 2-year-olds and 2:15 for older horses.

? What is the difference between a pacer and a trotter?

• A trotter races with a diagonally gauged motion. His left front leg and right hind leg move forward at the same time, and then his right front leg and left hind leg. The pacer, on the other hand, races with a laterally gauged motion. Both legs on the right side move forward in unison, and then both legs on the left side. This movement gives pacers a swaying motion from side to side and explains why they are often called side-wheelers.

? Horse A is leading in a trotting race, then breaks stride and goes into a gallop. Can he win the race?

• If Horse A keeps on galloping, he is disqualified. But if his driver can take the horse to the outside of the track without interference to the other horses, and immediately pull him back to a trot, then Horse A can go on to win the race. The only condition here



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is that Horse A must not, in the judges' opinion, have gained any ground as a result of breaking stride.

**Q What are shadow rolls and why are they used?**

**A** Shadow rolls are large sheepskin-type rolls placed above the horse's nose and just below his eyes. They are used to cut off the horse's view of the track, so that he will not shy at shadows, pieces of paper and other objects on the track.

**Q A typical race card at the larger pari-mutuel tracks has two or three trotting races as opposed to six or seven races. Why are there so many more races?**

**A** Pacers utilize hobbles (leather straps encircling the front and hind legs on the same side to keep the horse's legs moving in unison and to help him maintain his gait). Trotters, however, have no such artificial device to keep them from breaking into a gallop, the natural gait for a horse traveling at top speed. Trainers, therefore, find it easier to develop pacers, and more of them are brought to the track each year. Since there is a greater supply of pacers on hand, the track management has to schedule a greater number of pacing races. At some pari-mutuel tracks, the management also prefers pacers because there seems to be a larger amount of money bet on them; the public apparently feels there is less chance of a horse breaking stride in a pace.

**Q What is the Grand Circuit?**

**A** The Grand Circuit, sometimes called the major league of harness racing, consists of 22 tracks that run consecutive meetings from May through mid-November. Some Grand Circuit tracks are large plants with night racing, but most are true country tracks at state and county fairs, where many of the classic harness events (like the Hambletonian) are raced.

**Q What is a head pole and why is it used?**

**A** A head pole is a stick, usually a billiard cue with a hole drilled in the handle for a leather thong to pass through, that is fastened alongside a horse's neck and head to keep him head straight. It is generally used on pacers.

**Q Why are trotters and pacers put through repeated warmups before a race, as opposed to the way Thoroughbreds are handled?**

**A** Most drivers and trainers believe that standardbreds, bred to go several heats in

continued

# Quaffmanship



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### POINT OF FACT continued

one day's racing, are more rugged than Thoroughbreds and require the extensive warmups to get their strong bodies limber and the blood circulating. However, some trainers today, perhaps influenced by European methods, are beginning to cut down on the number of warmups.

**7** Horse A is driven by a man weighing 140 pounds and Horse B is driven by a man weighing 200. Does the 60-pound difference in drivers handicap Horse B, as it certainly would if there were a 60-pound difference in jockeys' weights in a flat race?

• This is a continuing argument, and no one has yet come up with the definitive answer. But most harness racing experts believe that Horse B is not handicapped by his driver's weight and point out that many leading drivers are big men. They argue that because almost all harness races now begin with a moving start (behind a mobile starting gate), there is no sudden acceleration in which the greater weight would initially slow a horse. Some feel that the precise balance of the modern sulky utilizes heavier weight to advantage—the greater force of forward momentum in a heavier man compensating for any extra drag his weight imposes, particularly in a front-running harness horse. But on a muddy track a heavy driver would seem to be a disadvantage.

**7** In the past 20 years no filly has won the Kentucky Derby, but in the same period four fillies have won the Hambletonian. Yet in harness racing there is no equivalent for the five-pound sex allowance that fillies receive in flat racing. Why is it that fillies do so much better in harness racing than in flat racing?

• There is no valid explanation. Fillies do seem to learn faster and at an earlier age than colts, in harness racing, which requires a mastery of certain complicated techniques, this may give fillies an advantage over colts in the 2- and 3-year-old races. Also, it appears that weight on a filly's back handicaps her more than weight pulled in a sulky.

**7** Horse A has post position No. 1. Does this give him a big advantage over Horse B, who is on the far outside?

• Yes. A survey taken a few years ago showed that horses in post position No. 1 won about 17% of the time, horses in post position No. 8 about 8%. Gaining the lead or a good position near the rail is desirable in any horse race, in harness racing, because of the width of the bicycle sulkies, the outside horse has to go much farther and faster than the inside horse to gain the rail. Therefore the outside horse is at a disadvantage.

— BETTINA BLACKBIRD

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Furthermore, she has utter confidence in Pepperell wash-wear fabrics. For they come from the same famed company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for her mother, her grandmother, and even her great great grandmother.

# SCORECARD

## AWAY THEY GO

The New York State harness racing commissioners—Robert Glasser, Spencer Eddy and Jim Farley—are making headlines for themselves. Long after everyone else had recognized that the feud between Yonkers and Roosevelt raceways over the acquisition of foreign horses for their plethora of international championships had assumed absurd and undignified proportions, the commissioners are announcing with pride that they intend to do something about the obvious.

What they will do we do not know, although we'll take even money it isn't much. Another of the commission's plans to help the betting public is to get information on the form of foreign horses so that it can be compared to the form of American horses. But if the commission intends to relate foreign form to American form the public will wind up even more confused than it is.

One thing puzzles us. Why should a politician like Jim Farley, who knows nothing about harness racing and has shown little interest in it, be on the commission, anyway?

## BUT OF COURSE

This story is being told on the professional golf circuit: Lord Shelton was planning a golfing vacation on which he would stop off and play the famous British courses at St. Andrews, Troon and Muirfield. His friends, however, advised him by all means to definitely play Sandringham. "I shall," said Shelton.

When he arrived at Sandringham, Shelton was amazed at the beauty of the course and the challenge it presented. He entered the clubhouse and asked the clerk if it would be possible to play a round. "Member?" asked the clerk.

"No," said Shelton.

"Guest of a member?"

"No."

"Sorry," said the clerk.

As he turned to leave, Shelton spied an elderly man sitting in a stuffed chair in the corner reading *The London Times*. "I wonder if you would be so kind," inquired Shelton, "as to allow me to

play this great course as your guest."

"Name?" said the man.

"Lord Shelton."

"Your schools?"

"Oxford, Eton and Harvard, where I roomed with Kennedy."

"Languages?"

"French, Spanish, Russian and fluent Greek."

"Religion?"

"Anglican."

"Decorations?"

"The Victoria Cross, The Most Noble Order of the Garter, Croix de Guerre."

"Campaigns?"

"France, Germany, Italy and with Monty in Africa."

The old man raised his right index finger to attract the attention of the clerk and said, "Nine holes."

## IN BEHALF OF THE CAPERCAILLIE

On April 16 in Germany, the capercaillie season opened. The capercaillie is a sort of supergrouse that lives in the wooded hills of Europe and Asia. In summer, autumn and winter, no hunter can creep within a half mile of this cagey bird. But during the spring mating season, the capercaillie throws off his caution and struts around the top branches of the Berchtesgaden pine trees, giving a mating call that sounds like the cork popping out of a champagne bottle and ends in a throaty gurgle of anticipated ecstasy.

Like all successful lovers, the capercaillie puts everything he's got into the mating call; and during the buildup and taper-off from the soul-stirring pop-gurgle, his eyes are closed and his ear canals blocked. This is the chance for the hunter to move in. The stalk begins sometimes a full mile from the normally sharp-eyed, sharp-eared capercaillie; and the approach takes on the aura of an *opéra bouffe* as the hunter charges forward at the first pop, then freezes at the end of the gurgle. It takes the hunter about a half hour of furious starts and stops to get within range, if he gets there at all. And if he hits the bird, his guide will insist that he respect an old tradition by sitting for 15 minutes of

reflection and esteem beside the corpse.

Well, O.K. Fifteen minutes is more respect than most corpses get. But there is something decidedly off color about this whole thing. It seems to us that when a guy is perched in life's upper branches, feeling that the world is good now and soon going to get even better, no one but a slob would put the blast on him. We suggest that German hunters stop tampering with the universe, and leave the springtime to its proper pursuers.

## THE MOONSHOT

At the end of last week Wally Moon of the Los Angeles Dodgers was leading the National League in home runs (eight), runs batted in (14) and batting average (.500). Moon, a left-hander, is the first man since the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles in 1958 to figure out an effective way to exploit the Wall of China, that short (25) feet from home plate) left-field screen at the Coliseum.

Of Moon's 21 hits this season, seven have cleared the left-field screen and four



have gone up against it. He has developed a swing, called the Moonshot (*above*), which is a little bit of a golf shot, and which enables him to hit the ball to left field with power instead of pulling it to right field, as most left-handed hitters do. "I delay the head of the bat," says Moon, "and still use the same wrist action as I do when pulling the ball. Waiting for the pitch, I hold my hands close to the body. Then I swing out [toward left field] instead of around I step straight ahead and do not shift my feet toward third as most opposite field hitters do. This is not something I sat down and thought up, it just comes from practice and having the Coliseum as my home park. I began to develop a power swing to left field. So far it doesn't matter if

continued

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# CRESCEENDO

## SCORECARD continued

I get an outside or an inside pitch. Actually, I like a pitch right over the plate."

Thus far, the Moonshot is about the only thing that is keeping the Dodgers close to the top of the National League.

### GENTLEMAN PLAYER

Alongside the hole-by-hole scoreboard at the Houston Classic last Friday a note was chalked in under the heading NEWS FLASHES. "Gary Player," said one flash, "fired his caddie at the ninth hole." This was talked about—and up—in the press and at the tourney itself, but the truth is that Player was perfectly justified in his action.

Player's caddie, known simply as Ray, had traveled with him through the latter part of the pro winter tour, and Ray believed that Player was making a mistake in using a George Low mallet-head putter, which Player has been using since February. The putter helped Player to his victory in the Masters and to earnings this year of \$45,385. These facts did not change Ray's mind, and his uninvited suggestions began to bother Player, who feared they might have an effect on his play. If the same thing happened to a duffer on a weekend round of golf, the duffer, if not a gentleman, might slug his caddy and if a gentleman would his caddy and, if a gentleman, would most assuredly fire him.

### A MAN HAS HIS DAY

We may have started up a fuss like the one over whether a baseball really curves or not, or the one over Kempel's mechanical chess player (we go along with Poe's explanation—a tiny man inside). We're referring to the puzzle of whether or not the French poodle Peg is as phenomenally intelligent as the evidence suggests. Last week an article in this magazine by Elisabeth Mann Borgese told about the intellectual feats performed by Peg. Owned and trained by Mrs. Ines Giordano Corridon of Chiari in northern Italy, Peg, among other things, gave the right answer to a square-root problem, spelled out answers to questions and asserted when asked that dogs understand one another by means of "lively movements of the ears."

Professor William R. Thompson of the psychology department of Wesleyan University has some views on Peg. Professor Thompson, co-author of *Behavior Genetics*—a book about human and animal intelligence and behavior in relation to heredity—says he has never heard of

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**GEORGE HARRIS**, 215-pound Air Force staff sergeant, won his fourth National AAU heavyweight judo title and third over-all grand championship in San Jose, Calif. Harris, a fourth-degree blackbelt, will represent U.S. next fall in a national tournament in Paris.



**JUDY KRAUSER**, Old Funt (Mich.) Junior College sophomore, showed her pretty form to perfection on balance beam, uneven bars and side horse, placed first in all three to win all-round title at National Junior Women's AAU gymnastics championship in Kent, Ohio.



**BASIL HEATLEY**, 27-year-old English gardener and cross-country runner, did 10 miles in 47 minutes 47 seconds for a new world record. Heatley bettered the old mark, set a decade ago by Distance Man Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, by a full 25 seconds.



**ROY HICKS**, 19, all-round track man (high jump, hurdles, broad jump and dash) at Solomon Coles H.S. in Corpus Christi, Texas, set a new National Interscholastic record when he high-jumped 6 feet 10 inches on his first try at Corpus Christi meet.



**URIBACI COSTA** of Brazil, who at 15 has already twice won the South America table tennis championship, made impressive showing among older and more experienced players at world championship in Peking, defeated Red Chen's No. 1 player, Jeng Kuo-tsun.



**WANDA SOWELL**, 22, a University of Texas graduate from Tyler, Texas, despite gusty, 60 mph winds, shot sub-par golf on the final 36 holes of Texas Women's Public Links championship in Bay City, defeated Mildred Neill 7 and 6 for her second consecutive title.



a dog (or ape or porpoise or elephant, for that matter) anywhere near as smart as Peg.

"A dog's intelligence is limited by the size of its brain and the convolutions of the cortex," he told us. "Unless Peg is a mutant, whose intelligence is not limited by these factors, the hypothesis must be accepted that she performs her tricks by means of cues—a body movement, a tap of the foot. There's a possibility that the clues are subliminal—that the owner isn't aware that they're being given. In that case, the explanation would lead into the area of hypersensitive sensory acuity rather than the development of extraordinary reasoning powers. But the revelation of a canine culture by Peg—that dogs understand everything humans say to them, that she believes in God—well, there's an odd pathos to it that makes me suspicious. I'd put my money on responses signaled by cues. The dog is remarkably bright but—let's face it—it has the brain of a dog."

#### "PLAY THE DEVIL"

Gambling has been one of this country's biggest businesses since the first settlers ventured overseas and cleared the wilderness—quite a gamble, that, too. Before then the American Indians gambled with homemade dice, risking their blankets and wives as well as their shirts. Henry Chafetz, an antiquarian book and print shopkeeper, has written the story of American gambling from the wigwags of the Onondagas to the casinos of Las Vegas. *Play the Devil, A History of Gambling in the United States from 1492 to 1950* (published by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.) makes few moral judgments.

Modern gambling, Mr. Chafetz points out, differs from past efforts mainly in its control by syndicates and combines, patterned on development in other forms of big business. "Before the 20th century," he writes, "the professional gambler was an individualist with nothing in common even with other gamblers except a heartfelt dread of honest toil."

For about 300 years lotteries have been enormously popular and profitable as a means of raising money for public and charitable purposes. They even have been used to help private industries, i.e., grape growing and glass blowing. In 1747 a New York lady suggested a lottery to "provide distressed widows and deserving virgins with husbands." Card games for big stakes started early in

*Continued*

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ACTUAL SIZE



## SCORECARD

American history and went on late. The West was settled not only by men with rifles and courage but by men with cards and chips in their luggage and fraud in their hearts. Sometimes they were sentimental. A gambling house in Helena, Mont., put up a sign reading: DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO DEAR OLD MOTHER SHE IS THINKING OF YOU. WE FURNISH PAPER AND ENVELOPES FREE, AND HAVE THE BEST WHISKY IN TOWN.

With the growth of American cities and millionaires, gambling became lavish and elegant. *Play the Devil* has many portraits of kingly operators, such as Richard Canfield, whose taste in art equaled his passion for money, and Bet-a-Million Gates, who would bet on the progress of a raindrop down a windowpane as well as that of a horse down the stretch at Saratoga.

As gambling became more and more extravagant it was more and more regulated, and some attempts to outlaw forms of it have from time to time been effective. But it has never successfully been eradicated. Gambling today is probably no more extensive in proportion to the population than it was in colonial times. It differs fundamentally only in its syndicates and combines, and its alliances with the underworld. It was always involved in politics. Mr. Chafetz's book is interesting reading for gambler and reformer alike.

### THE INSIDE TRACK

- Edwin Ahlquist, adviser to Ingemar Johansson, still awaiting outcome of Johansson's tax fight with United States, has offered No. 1 Heavyweight Challenger Sonny Liston \$125,000 for a fight with Ingemar in Sweden.
- Admiral John Bergen and Madison Square Garden Corporation have not announced a replacement for Ranger Coach Alfie Pike, but the best bet is that Hal Laycoe, a former New York defenseman, will get the job.
- Both the NCAA and the Atlantic Coast Conference are being hit with proposals to keep basketball players from participating in the "borscht circuit," i.e., Catskill Mountains' summer basketball programs. Officials feel young players become easy victims of gamblers in these areas.
- Steve Clark, the Los Altos, California high school swim star who has offers from Stanford, Dartmouth, Amherst and Yale, will pick Yale.

END

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# COMING EVENTS

April 28 to May 4

All times are E.S.T. unless otherwise noted

\* Color television \* Teletext \* Network radio

## Friday, April 28

- BASEBALL**  
Baltimore at Washington  
Minnesota at Los Angeles Angels
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Drake Relays, Des Moines (also April 29)  
Mt. San Antonio Relays, Walnut, Calif. (also April 29)  
Penn Relays, Philadelphia (also April 29)

## Saturday, April 29

- BASEBALL**  
Cleveland at New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)  
San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- BOXING**  
Dwight Dukes vs. Carlos, 5 p.m. (NBC)
- BOXING**  
Radenmacher vs. Jones, 10:00 p.m., New York, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- CANOEING**  
Eastern Slalom Canoeing, Jamaica, Vt. (also April 30)
- HORSE RACING**  
Delaware Valley Stakes, \$75,000, Garden State Park, N.J. (Sports Network regional TV) \*  
Over Log Handicap, \$75,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (Sports Network regional TV, NBC radio) \*  
Lustig Handicap, \$25,000, Laurel, Md.
- HORSE SHOW**  
Southeastern Spring show, Seaside, N.Y. (also April 30)
- HUNT RACE MEETING**  
Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md.
- MOTOR SPORTS**  
SCCA road races, Danville, Va. (also April 30)
- BOXING**  
Cubillo, Cup (Columbia, Penn. Prosecco), Philadelphia  
Pickard Cup (Bouvier U., Dartmouth, Syracuse), Hanover, N.H.
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Drake and Penn Relays, continued (also on ABC, live and taped, 4:30 p.m.)  
Colorado Relays, Boulder, Colo.

## Sunday, April 30

- BASEBALL**  
Pittsburgh at Cincinnati, 2:35 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS)  
San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)
- HORSE SHOW**  
Tollado Kennel Club show, Toledo
- GOLF**  
Calcutta Golf series, Jack Carson vs. Sam Snead, 5 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)
- MOTOR SPORTS**  
Targa Florio, Sicily

## Monday, May 1

- RODIO**  
Edmonton Stampede, \$10,700, Edmonton, Alta., Canada (through May 4)
- TENNIS**  
Pitt Championships, Cleveland (through May 3)

## Tuesday, May 2

- BASEBALL**  
Chicago White Sox at Cleveland  
Los Angeles Dodgers at Milwaukee

## Wednesday, May 3

- HORSE RACING**  
Red O'Brien Handicap, \$25,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.

## Thursday, May 4

- BOATING**  
Kingsada ocean race (start), Newport Harbor, Calif.
- GOLF**  
LPGA Betsy Rawls Peach Blossom Open, Spartanburg, S.C. (through May 7)  
Tournament of Champions, \$40,000, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 7)  
Waco Turner Open, \$20,000, Bartonsville, Okla. (through May 7)
- GYMNASIUMS**  
AAU Sr. Men's and Women's Champs., Dallas (through May 6)
- HORSE RACING**  
International Race, \$50,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

\* See local listing



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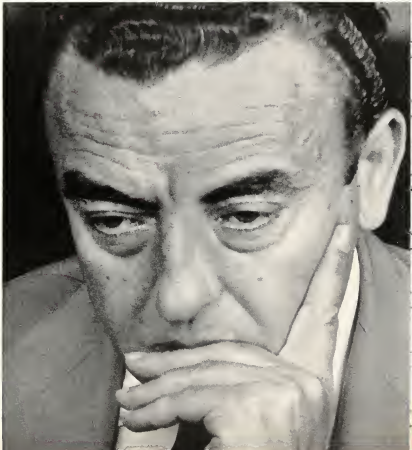
# HEAVY THOUGHT

by **CHARLES GOREN**

*Photographs by Francisco Yera*

People who say modern life is characterized by quiet desperation must have been watching a bridge tournament. The pressures that build up on the players seem minor compared with the kickoff of a Rose Bowl game or the opening bell of a championship fight. But the pressures go on for days and toward the end the faces of everyone—the players, the captains, the judges and commentators and, sometimes, even

ITALIAN MASTER MASSIMO D'ALELIO, MEMBER OF THREE OTHER WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS, BROODS OVER DIFFICULT HAND.



# AND AGONY

When the four top bridge teams of the world met in Buenos Aires, the strain was awful—but solid, oldtime tactics ultimately brought victory for the once-extravagant Italian players

the spectators—are contorted with the strain of wary dueling. A missed signal, an overlooked implication, a forgotten minor card can mean defeat and, what is undoubtedly worse for all bridge players, a feeling of mental inadequacy.

Last Sunday in Buenos Aires, the four best bridge teams in the world played through the ninth and final day of the world bridge championship, and the tired, drawn faces of

the players were predictably anguished. Photogenic Roger Trézel of the world championship French team, smiled, puffed, wheezed and nervously jammed a clenched fist into an expressively unbelieving face. Massimo D'Alelio of Italy sank a thoughtful, weary head into a fork of fingers, and pondered, even as his teammate Walter Avarelli quenched a dry throat with demitasse after demitasse of Argentine cof-

*continued*

FRANCE'S BRILLIANT ROGER TREZEL, EUROPEAN AND WORLD CHAMPION IN 1955, WINCES AS TITLE PLAY GOES AGAINST HIS TEAM



fee. It was the same wherever you looked: Sidney Silodor of the U.S. team sighing in his quiet, sensitive way; Alejandro Castro, the Argentine's captain, puckering his lips, then accepting with stoicism the loss that he had hoped would be a victory. But in the end it was the Italians who won, the same marvelous Italians who have now carried off the world championship in four of the last five years.

In the past the Italian team's victory has been variously attributed to new, intricate systems of bidding, to a strong, unyielding captain who substituted fresh players when he thought his first stringers were tiring, or to a consistency of play that no other team could match. One year, scandalously, it was even intimated that the Italians had a weakness for taking certain unfair advantages of an admittedly vulnerable policing system. In Buenos Aires none of these accusations could be made. The Italians won because they played solid, conservative bridge. Where they had once resorted to exotic bidding systems, they tended toward natural bidding this year and they waited for other teams to make mistakes.

The measure of their success was their record. They swept all three matches to take the Bermuda Cup, emblematic of the world title, away from France after a short stay of a year. The margins by which they won were not overwhelming—139 International Match Points against Argentina, 110 against France and 119 against the U.S.—but they pointed to the solidity of Italian play. The American team of Silodor, Howard Schenken, Peier Leventritt, Norman Kay, Paul Hodge and John Gerber played extremely well and came in second, ahead of France and last-place Argentina.

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer

**FIRST HAND**

**WEST**

**NORTH**

**EAST**

**SOUTH**

SOUTH (Gerber)	WEST (Gervasio)	NORTH (Ghestem)	EAST (Forquet)
PASS	PASS	1♦	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	PASS
1 H.T.	DBL	REDBL	PASS
2♦	DBL	PASS	PASS
PASS			

*Opening lead: 2 of diamonds*

The one new Italian player, Benito Garozzo, took the place of Guglielmo Siniscalco, an engineer who had been called off on a building project. Garozzo played steadily, and well. The rest of the team included—in addition to D'Alelio and Avarelli—Giorgio Belladonna, Eugenio Chiaradia and Pietro Forquet. Again, they were a well-disciplined team, they bid only what was in the cards and, as they demonstrated in a critical and somewhat extraordinary hand played against France on the next to the last day of the tournament, they proved that they were a team which could afford to wait (*see first hand*).

Claude Deruy, a lawyer from Lille, along with his teammate Jose LeDentu, a Parisian lawyer, was one of the two new stars discovered at Buenos Aires. They took the places of Gérard Bouchetoff and Claude Delmoaly who, for undisclosed reasons, were suspended from international play by the French team for a year. Unfortunately for Deruy, on this hand he was able to take only three tricks. In reading the bidding, it is easy to see how the French got into so much trouble and easy to see how the Italians managed to stay out. Garozzo's double was the warning. The pass by Pierre Ghestem, a French businessman and remarkably successful amateur player, was a definite signal of weakness and his redouble, after Garozzo's second double, was a desperation cry to his partner to, for heaven's sake, get us out. Deruy's two diamonds was, under the circumstances, a reasonable reply, but it was no save. At the other table the hand was passed out. In justice to the French it must be remembered that in this type of tournament, in which each team must meet each of the others, there is apt to be a dogfight for plus scores. It is obvious that when Ghestem started the bidding he knew that he was taking a chance.

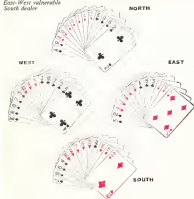
#### Second bad guess

West's opening lead was the 2 of diamonds, which East took with his king after declarer had played low from dummy. East then led back a low diamond, which South took in his own hand with the queen. It is here that he made the second of two bad guesses on the deal. He led the singleton 4 of spades and played his king in dummy. East took the king with his ace. Had declarer played the jack of spades instead, he would have forced East's ace and could have made his king good, saving one trick. But in bridge when things are bad they are often very, very bad. On this hand the French went down 1,400 points. By a better guess they could have cut their loss to 1,100 points. But in the IMP method of scoring the difference between losing 1,100 points and losing 1,400 is only 2 IMPs. The French would have been much better off, of course, in passing the hand entirely, as the more conservative Italians did.

One of the most exciting boards at Buenos Aires was the one, which, with the fantastically complex relay system played by one French pair, got everyone confused (*see second hand*). This included Howard Schenken, whose penalty double was based on a misapprehension but turned out quite profitably for the U.S.

North's first five bids were artificial—with the result that South had bid diamonds twice before North ever mentioned his seven-card suit. The one-spade bid—a bid of the next-higher rank—was a "relay," asking partner for more information about the strength of his hand. South's no-trump re-bid showed a minimum. Two clubs—again the next-higher bid—was another relay request for further clarification of

East-West vulnerable  
South dealer



SOUTH (Bacharach)	WEST (Selden)	NORTH (Cherrie)	EAST (Levin)
1W	PASS	1♠	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♠	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3♠	PASS	3W	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	4♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	5♠	PASS
PASS	DBL.	REDBL.	PASS
PASS	2♠		

*Quercus laevis* King of thorns

South's hand, South thereupon showed his four-card spade suit. Once again North relayed with two no trump, and South now showed his three cards in diamonds. One more relay by North, three hearts, got a further minimum response from South. North's four-club bid now asked for aces. South's four-diamond answer denied any ace at all, whereupon North signed off at five diamonds. Schenken felt that the hand would be a misfit for the opponents, so he doubled, and North promptly redoubled.

North's ace won the spade opening and, after taking the ace of diamonds, declarer promptly returned a spade. West won and, having observed East's high-low discard, he led a third round of spades. North discarded a club and East ruffed, returning the jack of diamonds. Dummy won with the queen and led the 9 of clubs. If Leventritt (East) had ducked, the redoubled contract could have been made. But, after a brief study of the hand, during which the audience held its collective breath, he went up with the ace of clubs and the contract went down a trick.

In the other room North opened the bidding with one diamond after two passes. The final contract of five diamonds was played by North, and East opened a trump. Declarer won with dummy's king to lead the king of hearts, discarding a spade from his hand. Another trump lead would have wrecked the hand, but East hastened to shift to spades. North won with the ace and led a club. Later he ruffed one club in dummy, discarded another on the queen of hearts and made five-odd for a score of 400 points and a

gross total of 600 on the combined result worth 12 IMPs

Observers at Buenos Aires were not sure whether Giorgio Belladonna was a better player than Pietro Forquet of Italy but none ever doubted that Belladonna was the bolder of the two. He proved it in the following deal against France (*see third hand*).

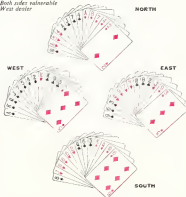
Belldonna's four no-trump bid was a form of take-out double asking partner to choose a suit. He was fortunate to find Avarelli with the balance of power, while Ghestem had very little. As it turned out, one of the most important cards in South's hand was the 8 of hearts.

East, reasoning that another spade lead ruffed by North might safeguard one or more trump tricks for the defense, played the 9 on the opening spade lead. But Bucherich shifted to the king of clubs—which neither helped nor harmed declarer's chances. The club ace won the trick and the heart ace dropped West's king. On the next heart lead, East played the 7 and South successfully finessed the 8. The jack of hearts forced East's queen and, when East returned a club, South won with the queen to draw East's last trump with the heart 10. Thereafter, declarer easily won the balance of the tricks.

In the other room D'Alelio also opened with four spades on the West hand. Trézel of France, however, followed the conservative course (usually correct in a team game) and did not bid four no trump. He opened the ace of diamonds and continued the suit. Declarer ruffed and then lost a trick to the ace of hearts. Later on he was able to enter dummy with a trump and discard one club on dummy's heart queen. But he still had to surrender two club tricks and was down one. His loss of 100 points, deducted from the 650 which Italy won as North-South at the other table, gained 550, or 11 IMPs for the Italians.

### THIRD HAND

Both sides vulnerable  
West slower



WEST (Backenbld)	NORTH (Belvedere)	EAST (Glasgow)	SOUTH (Aronia)
4♠ PASS	4 NT. PASS	PASS PASS	5♥

Opening lead: ace of spades

# DERBY PREVIEW: YEAR OF THE LONG SHOT

A few lukewarm favorites and a barnful of ambitious nobodies will run in the 87th Kentucky Derby. Only the slightest edge can be given to an oddly matched pair of eccentric Californians

by WHITNEY TOWER





Shortly before 5 p.m. at New York's Aqueduct race track last Saturday, a 14-to-1 shot named Globemaster romped off with the \$75,000 Wood Memorial. Although he crossed the finish line three-and-one-quarter lengths ahead of Carry Back, Globemaster is not likely to be confused with such former winners of the Wood as Assault, Native Dancer, Nashua or Bold Ruler. In fact, for millions of punters who over the years have come to regard the Wood Memorial as a guide for Kentucky Derby selections, there was a sudden realization that nothing much had been settled. The Derby, clearly, is now shaping up as a free-for-all, with a few lukewarm favorites and a flock of long shots.

This isn't to say that there was anything fluky about Globemaster's handy

victory in the Wood. He won, from gate to finish, with the greatest of ease, and nobody was more surprised at the whole performance than his owner, Pittsburgh coal company executive Leonard P. Sasso, and his trainer, Tommy Kelly. Sasso, in fact, decided to skip the whole business, and took the day off to go upstate to watch his bird dogs in some field trials. Kelly, a smiling lad acknowledged by old hands as one of the "comers" among the younger trainers, looked at his opposition in the walking ring and moaned aloud, "I sure wish this was just a seven-eighths of a mile race. Then we'd have a chance."

Kelly had reason to worry. Lined up against him, in addition to the Florida winter hero Carry Back, were Robert Lehman's Ambipose (who had beaten Globemaster by six lengths, going away, two weeks before), Louis Wolfson's Garwol, and a pair who figured to improve at this time of year. They were Dr. Miller and Hitting Away, trained respectively by Hirsch Jacobs and Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, a couple of gents who know where the roses are to be found in May.

Globemaster didn't know of Trainer Kelly's concern, nor was he let in on the plot cooked up between Kelly and Jockey John Rotz. It was simply to treat this like a seven-eighths of a mile race and go for broke from the gate. But Globemaster played his part well. He took the lead at the bell and that was that. None of the others chose to run with him the first part of it, and none probably could have on this day. Carry Back, as usual, lay well off the pace, but the trouble was that by the time Globemaster had covered a mile he had stolen the race. Turning for home, John Sellers closed some ground with Carry Back, but even though he finished second, six lengths in front of dead-tired Ambipose, there was nothing about Carry Back's performance to indicate that he would do much better when asked to travel an extra eighth of a mile in the Derby itself.

Globemaster's victory was highly gratifying to Owner Sasso, who paid \$30,000 for this Heliopolis colt in the 1959 yearling sales, one of the highest prices ever paid for a yearling. The colt has now won \$150,744.50, which is more money than you win at field-dog trials.

But Sasso cannot believe that Globemaster will breeze along unopposed at the front end of the Kentucky Derby field. A free-running horse, as Globemaster was in the Wood Memorial, can run all day if nobody books him. But this week and next, in three more Derby prep races in Kentucky, there are roughly two dozen colts flexing their muscles in preparation for just this sort of challenge. Some will run a little at the beginning, some more determinedly at the finish. Who are they?

#### The Derby challengers

First, of course, you cannot discount Carry Back, who lately has been in the habit of winning alternate starts and who usually has a fairly good excuse when he loses. In the Wood the excuse is simply that John Sellers, along with the other jocks, let Globemaster steal the race. It probably won't happen again. It certainly won't happen in the Derby if one of the starters is a lightninglike front runner named Four-and-Twenty, one half of the entry (with Flutterby) of Alberta Ranches. These two are owned by Canadians Max Bell and Frank McMahon and are trained by confident young Vance Longden and ridden by his cactus-faced father Johnny (see page 23).

Four-and-Twenty and Flutterby are not only the strongest California team to invade Kentucky in years, but also an almost perfect combination of racing talent so necessary in a large field. Four-and-Twenty has proved speed and Flutterby looks as though he has the stamina. With the former on the lead and Flutterby saved for a stretch run, the Alberta forces were one-three in the Santa Anita Derby. In his next start Four-and-Twenty tackled older horses (and not very good ones at that) and stopped badly when he apparently was blinded by the sun turning for home. Vance Longden chalked this off to inexperience (it was only the colt's fifth start) and shipped the son of Blue Prince to Keeneland. There, last Friday, he rolled to an easy two-length victory in a field of six, including the speedy Crozer, twice runner-up in Florida to Carry Back.

Flutterby, a son of Noor, has so far been bothered more by temperament than anything else. When he was narrowly beaten by Travis Kerr's Mr. Consistency in the recent California Derby, both Jockey Longden and Trainer Longden concluded that Flutterby is simply lazy. He still gets upset by shadows, though the Longdens have tried five

continued

**ODDS-ON FAVORITE**, Flutterby (3), with Longden up, just failed in California Derby.



## DERBY PREVIEW (continued)

different kinds of blinkers on him. If Johnny had his way with the rules of racing, Flutterby would be ridden with spurs. "Just the smooth ones," he adds. "That would get this horse running. We go to wake him up somehow." Flutterby will get an awakening of sorts this week in Keeneland's Blue Grass Stakes, with Longden aboard, after which Johnny will decide which of the Alberta colts he will ride at Louisville. The betting is he'll pick Four-and-Twenty, giving Flutterby to one of the Morenos or possibly to Eddie Arcaro, who rode him at Santa Anita.

Alberta Ranches' co-owners Bell and McMahon deplore the limelight almost as much as Carry Back's Jack Price seems to thrive on it. McMahon, president of the Westcoast Transmission Company (a natural-gas outfit with headquarters in Vancouver), seldom gets to the races. He lets Bell, president of F. P. Publications, do the talking, and Bell does precious little. "I started at the bottom in racing," he noted not long ago, "but did enter a horse of mine, Indian Hemp, in the Epsom Derby that was won by Tulwar. I think we finished about 10th." A physical-fitness addict since his youth, Bell, now 49, once played better-than-average hockey, excelled at badminton and likes to amaze friends by walking around a room on his hands. Once, after what apparently was a profitable afternoon at the races, he was performing this stunt when his pockets loosed a trail of \$100 bills on the rug behind him.

Bell admits that he dictates the breeding policies of Alberta Ranches, but is quick to add, "Actually I'm strictly a horseplayer—a race track fan since I was a small boy, like some guys play pool." He was discussing this the afternoon Four-and-Twenty won the Santa Anita Derby in March, and although he tried pretty hard to act nonchalant about the whole business, he had to admit something that was, after all, foremost in his mind. "The goal of racing here in California is to shoot for the Kentucky Derby. I guess we'll have to shoot for it, too."

The business association between Bell and the Longdens is the result of a long friendship. "I've known John for 33

years," says Max. "He's not only a good jockey but a great horseman—and there's a difference, you know. Vance has a wonderful working agreement with his father. Let me put it this way: if you put a million dollars into racing you probably wouldn't pick Vance Longden as your trainer—simply because of his inexperience. But under this setup it works out very well because of their relationship and because of my friendship with John."

## Crozier still erratic

In Kentucky, the Longdens will face some authentic Derby horses. There is Crozier, for example. Fred Hooper's colt has made a practice of near misses and zigzag courses all winter. He was beaten six lengths by Four-and-Twenty last Friday at his made-to-order distance of seven furlongs. Willie Shoemaker, who flew from New York to Keeneland to ride him, said he thought Crozier was 1 to 10 to win as they went into the far turn. Then suddenly he stopped—which is very un-Crozierlike. Railbirds noticed that the colt was "blowing like a tiger" when he came back, but this could not be because he was out of condition. Since he showed up later with a bruised heel, he may simply have been in distress. Another theory is that a colt, even one of Crozier's great courage, can't spend the winter being beaten by heads and noses without losing a certain amount of competitive heart.

Right now it is difficult to take seriously the chances of most of the other Derby candidates. Of Globemaster's Wood rivals, Ambrose has left a trail of inconsistency instead of gradual improvement, but Owner Robert Lehman is going to send him. If Dr. Miller and Garwol show up they will have to improve by 10 lengths to get on the board. The Kerr entry of Gay Landing and Mr. Consistency, already at Keeneland, will get a real test this week, and the same no doubt will apply to Bass Cleft, Orleans Doge, Loyal Son, Light Talk, Astute, He's a Pistol, Ronnie's Ace and Sherluck.

Also due to show up in the Blue Grass Stakes is a number from Calumet Farm, and his name is not Beau Prince. The

CARRY BACK (left) served some jostling by a determined jockey, Crozier, to capture the Flamingo, then won again in Florida Derby.

Prince was bruised while running third in the Florida Derby and now has only one chance in 10 of making the big one at Louisville. But Calumet likes to run in the Kentucky Derby—as who wouldn't after winning it a record seven times—and the stand-in for Beau Prince is a chestnut named Sho Lea. His only claim to fame so far is that Trainer Jimmy Jones thinks he's good enough to carry the devil's-red-and-blue silks of a great stable. It is worth remembering, however, that the last time Jimmy Jones called on a stand-in in the Derby he brought out Iron Liege for Gen. Duke. Iron Liege won and in so doing became the only horse ever to knock off Gallant Man, Round Table and Bold Ruler in the same race.

"Ah, yes," says Jones wistfully, "that was a vintage year, too. This certainly isn't a vintage year and, to tell the truth, I don't figure Sho Lea is a top horse. He's by My Babu out of a Bull Lea mare, and only likes a firm, hard track. He's moving along slowly. I certainly won't say he'll win the Derby, but I won't say he won't win it either. One thing about him: he's a better runner right now than Ponder was at the same stage of his 3-year-old career."

Top horse or no top horse, someone has to win the seventh race at Churchill Downs on May 6. In ages, no year has seemed more appropriate for a true long shot in the tradition of Donerail, who came home in 1913 to pay \$184.90. On performance alone at this time of year, when form can change rapidly, one must prefer the chances of the Longden entry and Carry Back, with a slight edge going to the former. As one trainer points out, there will be "about six in the Derby starting gate who deserve to be there, and about 16 others just hoping for lightning to strike." Which brings to mind a remark made many years ago by the great horseman, F. Ambrose Clark—a remark never more appropriate than when applied to the 1961 Kentucky Derby—"a loaded pistol can go off in anybody's hands."

END

TURN PAGE FOR STORY OF JOHN LONGDEN AND SON VANCE





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## AN OLD MAN WITH TWO CHANCES TO WIN

by RAY CAVE

**S**everal hours before the horses reach the post next Saturday a balding old millionaire with a crinkled face and the build of a muscular gnome will walk stiff-legged into the jockeys' sweat room at Churchill Downs. The temperature there will be 140°. Once inside, John Eric Longden, 54, will steam himself red as a Pacific sunset. When he leaves he will have perspired away the necessary pounds to ride in the day's races.

As financially successful and physically durable as any athlete in history, tiny (4 feet 11 inches) Johnny Longden will be in Kentucky in command of a remarkable quartet of Californians—invaders who came East to take U.S. racing's biggest prize far, far West.

The rest of the Longden team at Churchill Downs, not necessarily in order of importance or finish:

- Vance Longden, 31-year-old son of Johnny, whose smile is cherubic and whose spirit is devilish. Operating a stable with two strong Derby contenders, he is as young to be a successful trainer as his father is old to be an active jockey.
- Four-and-Twenty, a chunky, psychotic 3-year-old sprinter who walks with a waddle and runs like the wind. He recently knocked the senior Longden on his hindquarters for getting too friendly. "I had just patted him on the nose and plicked, 'You're a good boy. Maybe I'll ride you in the Kentucky Derby,'" said Johnny, who talks a great deal to horses but is more reticent with people. "Then, wham! He pushed me over."
- Flutterby, a lean, obstinate 3-year-old distance runner whose walk is a horseman's dream but whose laziness is a bettor's nightmare. He recently kicked the junior Longden right on his plastic helmet for not being friendly enough. "He bucked me off. Then that dude looked back at me, took aim and wham!" said Vance.

Among the four of them, this Longden clan of intemperate horses and unusual men has as good a chance as anybody of winning the Derby. They are not only the sentimental favorites among the naive but the considered choice of many in the tight circle of canny old plungers. The major reason for the backing by both groups is that graybeard in the sweatbox, Johnny Longden.

Riding a horse is no more of an old man's game than playing left tackle for the Chicago Bears. A Thoroughbred is 1,200 pounds of whimsical, cantankerous beast, timid enough to shy at a shadow and bold enough to run through a barn door. When a dozen of them come charging down a stretch at 45 mph it is the equivalent for the jockeys of driving at top speed through rush-hour traffic on a Los Angeles freeway in

cars with loose steering wheels and weak brakes. All the while, of course, somebody is throwing mud or dust in their eyes. It takes a combination of superb strength and sure reflexes to so much as stay alive. Yet, 34 years after he rode his first winner on a \$300 plater in Salt Lake City, Longden is strong, quick, capable and very much alive.

Spring afternoons this year have found Longden riding everything from \$100,000 stakes winners to \$2,000 claiming-rejects as he adds to his unequalled total of 5,500 wins. His mounts have earned \$20 million, and wise investments have left him worth far more than his 10% share of those purses. He might comfortably have quit his dangerous profession 15 years ago, but money has nothing to do with why he rides today. Pressed hard for a reason, he admitted last week, "I guess I am riding for the thrill of it." Then he added defensively, "Why should I stop? I'm still good."

He is more than good. "Longden has never been better," says an official at Golden Gate Fields in San Francisco. They were still talking of how, in a single week three last month, he had possibly saved the life of Jockey Pete Moreno, and nearly saved a horse. At the 3/16ths pole of the fifth race one day Moreno

*continued*



**LEATHERY LONGDEN**, at 54 and after 5,500 victories, is still riding "for the thrill of it."

fell directly in front of Longden's mount. Movies show Longden instantly jerking his horse hard to the right to keep from going directly over Moreno's body. "Few could have reacted that fast," said a judge. In the other incident, Longden's horse, Ardent Love, broke a leg and started to fall. With his surprising strength, Longden yanked up the horse's head so that his mount regained its balance, standing on three legs. He saved it from additional injury in a fall. Though Ardent Love eventually had to be destroyed, Longden has been able to save several horses in similar circumstances.

Longden rides today just as he always has: as if the hounds of hell were at his heels. He has no peer at getting out of a starting gate. Sitting high on a horse's withers, where it feels his 109 pounds the least, he pushes and pumps his mount smoothly out of the gate in that first second when other horses are off-stride. "You can't beat him at the start," the jockeys say. "You must catch him later."

Once in front, he likes to stay in front all the way. Crowds boo him for it, not realizing that he knows how to handle a front-running horse better than any jockey today. When he tries to come from behind and loses they boo, too. Longden tries to ignore it, but he can't.

"I don't want to ride up here again," he raged in the jockeys' room at Golden Gate Fields a week ago, after odds-on favorite Flutterby had lost in the California Derby by a neck and the crowd had jeered. "You ride your heart out for them, and they think you're a thief or something." Recently, he looked up at a booing Golden Gate crowd, drew himself up to his full 4 feet 11 inches and stuck out his tongue, a surprising display for a basically shy man. He feels the crowd is essentially impugning his courage by tabbing him as a front-runner. "Pardon me if I say I think I can do just as well on horses that come through the pack," is his answer.

And his courage is indisputable. Three times in the past four years he has broken his left leg. He'll roll a sock down to the top of his size 4½ shoe, point to a soft lumpy spot and say: "That's the latest one. Compound fracture, both bones." It is a very small leg.

Last fall at Del Mar a horse pitched him into an infield sprinkler. It cost him \$4,000 for a mouthful of new gold fillings, and he has a permanently stiff hip. He has ridden with a cast on his hip, with a broken back (though he didn't



HAPPILY ANTICIPATING THE DERBY ARE, FROM LEFT, MRS. MAX BELL, WIFE OF

know it until a day later) and come out to ride so befuddled by a concussion that he couldn't remember a phone call he had received minutes earlier. "I never think about the danger," Longden says. "It might get into your system."

Longden may be having trouble retiring to the silk pajamas set because he remembers all too vividly his early years of struggle. Born in England, he was raised in the little town of Taber, in southern Alberta, Canada. "When I was 12 I worked in the coal mines after school, greasing wheels on coal carts a mile underground," he says. "We worked until 11 p.m. I made 75¢ a day." He was also a pre-teen cowboy. "There was a \$1 fine if your cow got loose in Taber. Everybody had a cow. I charged \$1.50 a month to round them up in the morning, take them far out in the prairie and then pick them up after school."

#### Matching a maharaja

His first racing was as a carnival Roman rider, standing on the backs of two horses as they raced around half-mile tracks in little Canadian towns like Raymond and Cardston. The winning jockey got \$5. It was a long way from the likes of Cardston to becoming the leading jockey in 1938, or riding Noor to victory in those memorable races against Citation, or to winning the Triple Crown on

Count Fleet in 1943. (That was, it turned out, Longden's only Derby win in eight tries to date.)

Longden became so proficient that Narragansett race track once limited the number of mounts he could take, thus making the meet more interesting. And he became so rich that he could indulge in his lone financial foible, buying high-priced cars. Once he met a maharaja at a Paris party, inspected his \$11,000 custom-built Chrysler with its Italian Ghia body and bought the only other one on public sale the next day. This is most uncharacteristic for conservative Johnny Longden. They call him Moneybags around the tracks and claim he is racing's counterpart of that frugal galling Croesus, Sam Sneed. Yet his closest friends say he is a soft touch at a track, where a dollar loaned is a dollar usually gone.

Longden's house, at 247 Lemon Street in Arcadia, Calif., is only a mile from Santa Anita. It has a long, plain white stucco front and small lawn. It expands in the rear. There is a kidney-shaped swimming pool, a bath house, a small cottage and even a barn. Thoroughbreds have grazed in the backyard.

The Longden household includes has attractive blonde wife, Hazel, to whom he has been married 19 years, two children (18 and 13), five toy poodles, a bud, a cat and seven very young and unwanted



ALBERTA RANCHES CO-OWNER, MRS. JOHNNY LONGDEN, VANCE AND WIFE PAT

litters. For Johnny there are seven television sets, including one in the master bathroom. For Hazel there is an electric organ. When she puts on the organ earphones she hears only the music she plays, shutting out the clip-clop of the TV westerns.

Longden seldom varies from the Spartan routine that he has followed for years. He is up at 5:30 a.m., has a breakfast that is often only chocolate Metreol. By 6:30 he is at the track, whichever California track is running, pleasantly greeting everybody from valets to owners in his hummingbird-high voice.

For three hours he inspects and works out the horses of the Vance Longden stables. By 11 he is in the sweatbox, him racing, and ready for dinner at 5 p.m. By 9 p.m. he is ready for bed. He never smokes and almost never drinks.

Longden does gamble, chiefly at a card game called race-horse rummy, which is as fast and risky as a quarter-horse stretch run. Four hands can cost \$50. Jockeys respect him as much at the card table as at the starting gate, but the game is essentially a pastime with him, something to keep him occupied. "He has to keep moving," says Hazel. "Even when he's home in Arcadia he isn't really alone. He's usually at the ranch."

The ranch is the Bar JL, two tracts totaling 44 acres that are the heart of a

growing Longden business. Johnny has brood mares there. The ranch is the headquarters of the Vance Longden training stable and is also the place where the Alberta Ranches, owned by Canadian millionaires Max Bell and Frank McMahon, boards horses. Flutterby, Four-and-Twenty and 14 more of the 20 horses trained by Vance Longden are owned by the Alberta Ranches.

#### The father gives advice

Old Alberta associates Bell and Longden have been close friends for years. Longden has let Bell invest considerable money for him, investments which turned out very well. But Longden insists, as he must, that he owns no part of the Alberta Ranches. If he did, he would be violating racing regulations, which prohibit a jockey from owning a racing horse. Longden also denies, perforce, that he runs Vance Longden's training stable. But everybody around California's racing barns knows who the boss of the Longden stables is, and who can blame a son for listening to his father's advice? The unquestionable honesty of Johnny Longden has likely been a factor in the California racing commission's willingness to view Longden as a nonowner, nontrainer and 100% jockey.

If John Longden is an aging phenomenon, riding for thrills while carefully

preparing for a very active retirement, son Vance, who will be saddling the two horses in the Derby paddock next Saturday, is a Longden with quite a different style. Born in 1929 of Johnny's first marriage, Vance was taken along on the leaky roof and pothole circuit, living in a tent at trackside. Eventually, he was sent to a California military school. It was a terrible way to raise a son," said Johnny last week.

In his teen-age summers Vance rode in rodeos, though his father didn't approve. Later he grew too big to be a jockey (5 feet 5 inches), quit college and started, largely on his own, as a trainer. He has trained many stakes winners, with his father offering some close supervision.

In 1953 he married a Miss San Francisco, divorced her and then married an Oakland beauty queen. He has one child by his first marriage, three by his second. He lives at a quick pace. He tells of the day in 1956 when Hindu Wand, which he trained for Max Bell, lost the International at Laurel. Vance drowned half his sorrow, then shunned up the flagpole in front of the Laurel clubhouse to get the Canadian flag flying there for a souvenir. He found the flag locked at the top, wrapped his arms around it, jerked it loose, and let go of the pole, dropping 30 feet.

He may be quieting down some now. "I would like," he said recently, "to have some of the courage and some of the convictions of my father."

Training a Kentucky Derby winner might be the spur Vance Longden needs to insure for himself a long career as a successful trainer. But if Johnny Longden brings the purple-and-white silks of Alberta Ranches across the finish line first, would he possibly consider that a fitting final triumph to his career?

In 1947 Grantland Rice, appraising much the same situation, wrote: "Longden figures he has at least two more years to go, possibly three. By that time, he expects to have his 3,000 winners all filed away." At a jockey's ball some 12 years and 2,000 winners later, Willie Shoemaker, 29, who wasn't even born when Longden won his first race, shattered the house with a song, to the tune of *Tom Dooley*, that went:

*Hang up your tack, John Longden,  
Hang up your tack and quit.  
Hang up your tack, John Longden,  
Pack up your bit and git.*

"Now that he's got Flutterby," said Willie Shoemaker in feigned disgust this spring, "he'll never quit." **END**







## Oh, Hector!

Always were on Hector Lopez, but hapless Hector Reyes was in the mix. Having lost a previous battle with the club's first baseman of a long fly ball at Yankee Stadium, the New York left fielder could only cover in misery as the ball fell like a meteor shield beside him, then bounced over the fence for a double.

*Photograph by Frank Hurley*



LEO LEADS WITH A LONG STIFF RIGHT



CONLAN COUNTERS WITH A LOW LEFT

## Rhubarb with Ham

Before the baseball season was a week old the ebullient Dodger wielding the knife at right proved that a five-year sabbatical in television and the unemployment bureau had not dulled the instincts that once made ham baseball's feistiest competitor. Though now only a humble coach, a far from humble Leo Durocher initiated the grandest rhubarb of the young 1961 season during the Dodgers' sixth game. When Umpire Jocko Conlan threw him out for making a too vigorous protest of a decision on a foul ball, the Lap tried to kick dirt on Jocko's pants. He kicked the Conlan shin instead. With dignity and flesh simultaneously outraged, Conlan kicked back and a brief base-path two-step followed (left). Warned by the cheers of the fans as he left the field, Leo graciously promised not to complain if he were suspended three days. Last week, when Leo reported back a California rhubarb grower named Joel Cleugh was waiting to welcome him with a rhubarb pie four feet wide. Leo provided another slice of Durocher ham to go with it.





# RALLY HO! IN EAST AFRICA

by TOM WISDOM

*In 1953 a group of racing enthusiasts in East Africa, wishing to celebrate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, set out on an extended motor rally through the bush, and called their race the Coronation Safari. The event was so successful that it has been repeated each year. Now formally organized as the East African Safari, it has become one of the most important, and certainly the most colorful, of major international rallies.*

*This year there were 63 time control points along the 3,300-mile route (radio boxes maintained communications), with time allowances between each determined*

*by road conditions. Only standard models were entered. Leaving Nairobi, cars streaked south over roads that were not much better than early covered-wagon trails in the U.S. West. The route, covered in some 90 hours, approached the jungle fastness where Stanley found Livingstone, touched the African coast where slave traders once flourished, crossed vast game preserves, passed Mau Mau country and finally reached north to the plains of Uganda and Lake Victoria's south shore. The author of this account, a veteran of 30 years of European motor racing, this year drove on the winning team.*

**B**efore Europe's roads were tarred and their corners cossetted, the Monte Carlo Rally and the annual Alpine Trials were the top tests of an automobile. Modern traffic conditions have caught up with us, however, and in most parts of the world we no longer have those races in the mud and dust which not only proved the good car, but were good fun as well. Indeed, one of the few races left where drivers are confronted with sheer drops from fearful, dizzy heights as they speed over a mountain pass, or deep-rutted tracks that resemble nothing more than centuries-old ballock paths, is the annual East African Safari. It is one of the longest, the toughest and the most exciting of the international rallies. I know, for with 37 others I have just finished the ninth running of the race. It was over a 3,300-mile course through the wildest country I have ever seen.

Before we started off from Nairobi in Kenya we all knew what animals we could expect to meet at the end of a dust-spattered blind turn. Those of us who had driven in the Safari before knew of the other obstacles, too, especially the drifts and the washaways, which were startlingly new to those with experience only in the rallies of Europe.

Drifts are permanent. They are river beds, usually dry, crossed by a path of

*(continued)*

**WILD ANIMALS CREATE UNAVOIDABLE HAZARDS. THIS RHINO WAS KILLED BY CAR OF OFFICIAL WHO WAS LAYING OUT RACE ROUTE**





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rocks or concrete, with sharp ascents on both sides. Drifts can be dangerous because they are usually at the end of a straight stretch, or around a tricky bend; they are narrow, and the car, at speed, must be exactly placed or you end upside down. With the worst drifts there is simply a leap into space, a crash through stone and mud, and then an almost vertical climb out. With all the trouble they cause, drifts, at least, always remain in the same place.

Washaways are more dangerous because they may be anywhere and cannot be plotted in advance. They are unexpected ditches across the track—I refuse to call it a road—caused by the torrents which follow the tropical rainstorms that start and stop so abruptly.

"Don't think you know the track," said an experienced East African driver. "It's altered since you were last there."

Of last year's 84 starters, only 25 reached the end. This year 77 set out on the first stage, an "easy" run due south from the skyscraper city of Nairobi. Beginning at 6 o'clock on a Thursday evening, we left at three-minute intervals. A crowd of 5,000 was on hand to witness the start. The cars were all standard machines—British, German, French, Italian and Swedish. The organizers of the East African Safari will not accept European rules, which permit scarcely disguised racing cars to compete. We were strapped in—and tightly—all the time; safety straps are essential on this Safari. Otherwise, the eternal crash, bang and wallop would leave us riding on the roof. And, of course, standard controls like windshield wipers, lights and other auxiliaries would be out of reach if mounted in the usual place. Ours were on a panel between the seats, within reach of the left hand.

The Zephyr that Peter Walker and I were driving was one of the last cars to get off. We drove into a star-studded tropical night. The whole route was divided into 63 "sections," with a time allowance for each; we were allowed three hours even for the 154-mile run from Nairobi to Ol Donyo Sambu. One car was out before we left the tarmac—it had hit a zebra. The zebra was killed, and the driver was unhurt, but the codriver, who was a jockeying road map at the moment, cut his head, not seriously, and was taken back to the hospital—it was only 18 miles from the start.

Beyond Ol Donyo Sambu came the first of many high-speed dashes. Nineteen minutes were allowed for the 17

miles from Ol Donyo Sambu to Ngare Nanyuki, and then 24 minutes for the next 17 miles, as the route circled Mount Meru to Usa. The first of these dashes was made to order for the bigger cars, but the second was not, and everyone dropped points on this stretch; the Safari became a race. Not far out of Usa a stately, dancing giraffe blocked our path. A few minutes later a leopard crossed our track briefly, illuminated in the headlights.

We were in the tribal lands of the Masai, the tall warriors who hunt with poisoned arrows and whose staple diet is milk mixed with blood. The thought was chilling, but the Masai were friendly enough. They perhaps thought we had made enough trouble for ourselves.

A fair stretch of tarmac led to Magara, but then came the dreaded 16-mile section to Mbulu (just 300 miles from Nairobi), which was more criticized by the drivers in the Safari than any other portion of the route.

As far as I am concerned, I have publicly stated that I would not risk my personal wheelbarrow on it. It is really a

car-breaker—a steep, boulder-strewn, five-mile-long pass, then a difficult escarpment, with 26 minutes allowed to negotiate the 16 miles of fearful track. No one made it in 26 minutes. The average was 44 minutes, or 18 minutes over.

Johnny Manassis, a fiery Greek with whom I fought in the R.A.F. 20 years ago, dropped only 11 minutes. He drove a Mercedes, as did the driver with the next best time, Bill Fritschy, who dropped only 12 minutes. Fritschy and his codriver, Viscount Mandeville, were in a newer and larger model, however, and a lot of the discussion of the Safari centered not only on the rivalry of Manassis and Fritschy, but on the question of bigger or smaller cars in a test of this sort. No two people ever had the same views. The next best time across the Mbulu section was made by that quite extraordinary Yorkshire lass, Anne Hall, and her equally competent codriver, Mrs. Lucille Cardwell (Kenya's sports-car champion) in a Zephyr. They dropped only 13 minutes.

Now the next section turned out to be almost as bad as the one we had just left.

continued



**HUGE COURSE** through bush, plains and mountains in East Africa (see power area in inset map), spanned 3,200 miles, took four days to drive. Rally began in Nairobi (upper center), reached Indian Ocean coast opposite Zanzibar, turned north through Nairobi to Uganda.

Hended for Katesh, we descended what can most charitably be described as a dried-up river bed, and still we made the 52 mph scheduled time. But dawn was breaking. Things eased up somewhat. At least the track was straight (except over Pienaar's heights) to Dodoma, and then straight on southward over another great escarpment, with a distant view of the mountains of the Congo.

The next control point was Iringa, 160 miles (three hours and 25 minutes allowed) from Dodoma. Leaving Iringa, we struck east through the best elephant country in Africa, to the native village of Bagamoyo. The name means "Here I leave my heart"; it was named by slaves borne away by Arab slave dealers. Another 55-minute section took us to Dar es Salaam at midnight.

We had an hour's rest in the steamy heat of the African coast. Then on we went, driving now northeast; for the next 170 miles we did not see a village, much less a petrol pump. This was typical bush country, and the only spectators were monkeys. At Korogwe, some six hours after leaving Dar es Salaam, we had a few minutes in hand for a shave and a quick look at the sorely used machinery.

We needed the rest, for next came another "special section," a short, sharp drive down a winding, rutted track to the coast, through several native villages

with the palm leaf huts right on the track. How the car caravan avoided going through these poor houses I cannot say, though the Africans seemed to enjoy the spectacle we made as we avoided them. Children chased chickens into the road, and there were multitudes of dead fowl lying about, compensated for on liberal terms by the Safari organizers.

We followed the coast road to Tanga and Mombasa, where we stopped for an hour's rest in a delightful hotel beside a creek. It was now midday Saturday and we set out with relief for a straightforward run of 307 miles back to Nairobi. We were crossing the great Tsavo Game Preserve, and the signs read BEWARE OF BIG GAME and ELEPHANT HAS RIGHT OF WAY. My codriver Walker had never met a rhino in its wild state; we soon put that to right. Around a corner, bang in the middle of the track, was a magnificent specimen with the power of a railway locomotive. We dodged off the track and detoured through the bush.

There was a 12-hour layover at Nairobi between the end of the southern leg of the Safari—2,200 miles of really hard going—and the northern leg into Uganda. We totted up results before we snatched a few hours rest. Manassis was still firmly in the lead, but the newer Mercedes, driven by Fritschy, was close behind. Anne Hall and Lucille Cardwell were third. The Ford Zephyr team still led for

the team prize. Fifty-nine of the original 77 starters came in, but five were excluded from going on because of time, and five arrived after the control point at Nairobi had closed.

The race was faster than in 1960; the light cars were doing better. This doubtless was because the weather was good. We had dust this year, and mud last year, and while dust is the more dangerous—pushing another car in an impenetrable dust cloud at 70 mph is a nightmare—it seems that East African mud, a thick, glutinous, bottomless mess called black cotton, has more stopping power.

#### The better leg

Forty-nine of the original 77 started off on the second leg. This one appealed more to the drivers from Europe. The roads were still rough and narrow, but generally more fun, and certainly not to be compared with the chassis-breakers of the South. We left early in the morning, drove northeast to the Tana River bridge and were soon into three very tough, very tight sections beyond Musonoke.

We were now in the country of the Wakamba, who were cannibals less than a century ago. Rounding Mount Kenya, we came onto the northern plain and better roads. Now those of us whose cars were still intact were having a real go; there was no holding back. Fritschy was after Manassis, who led by a little less than four minutes, but who was having brake trouble. But Fritschy had his bothers, too—with 1,000 miles to go, he had an inoperative clutch.

Mount Kenya with its crown of snow rose magnificently above the dry hot plain. Manassis dropped a couple of points; Fritschy gained 2. We climbed northward, with Lake Victoria in sight to the west, first through huge fields of coffee and then, as the road went higher, through tea plantations. We were back into a sort of civilization, and the cars that hadn't broken down were now making it from control point to control point with seconds to spare.

In the brief stops at the time controls (three minutes of dead time were allowed, so competitors were to some extent kept apart on the dusty track) countless adventures were revealed. A Peugeot had been into a washaway, and 50 Africans, at five shillings apiece, carried the car back onto the road. (Most of us carried a banker's sack full of small change for this sort of eventuality.) A Humber had hit a cow and was out. Manassis had taken a wrong turn at



**FELLED ZEBRA**, probably confused by night driving lights, was struck and killed instantly on hard-surfaced road by small Fiat just 16 miles from starting line in downtown Nairobi.



Chuka, lost a minute and gone off the road for a few breath-taking moments at one of the wooden bridges.

We drove on to the north and into Uganda for an exciting circuit of Mount Elgon. There we had rain, and the dusty track turned into black cotton. We skidded off the path, but spun back on again. At the time-control point we heard that some had found it necessary to put on chains.

There were sorely tried cars and tired drivers returning to Kenya. From Rondo, a village in the forest, to Timberoo, 55 miles away, the road climbed to 9,000 feet, as high as Europe's highest passes. It was a reasonably surfaced dirt road, with a 30 mph speed limit (which we were warned would be enforced), and the time allowed was one hour exactly, which meant that we had to exceed the limit all the way to stay in the race. The reasoning was exquisite.

We were not bothered by traffic police, but at this high altitude the engine got somewhat breathless. And we had a detour, a wild excursion into a ditch in order to pass—of all things—a tank transporter being tested. Nevertheless, we slithered into the control point with a bare minute in hand. Anne Hall and Lucille Cardwell came in with the same amount of time, but there were some red faces among the men when it was learned that the girls had stopped to change a tire in mid-flight.

We were following almost the track of the equator, crossing it half a dozen times, to Eldama Ravine and another special section that included a couple of very tricky drifts. From there it was plain sailing, over good roads through the Great Rift Valley, through cheering crowds to Nairobi and the end. Our Ford Zephyr combination had won the team championship. It is unusual to hear, these days, shouts of "good old England!" I might add, it is refreshing.

Johnny Manassis in his older-type Mercedes took the individual prize over Fritschy in the newer model—6 5/2 points separated them—and the two amazing women were third. The little Anglias beat off tough Continental opposition and finished one, two, three in their class. Thirty-eight of the 77 starters finished.

What is the secret of driving in the Safari? This race is something in motor sports which is now unique; we are back in the great days of the Paris-Madrid race, or the early period of such classics as the Monte Carlo rally and the Mille Miglia. The ideal Safari driver is like the



**SWIRLING IN DUST** during dry spell, a Sanbeam Raper churns around bend early in race. To avoid blinding drivers, cars left control points at staggered three-minute intervals.

driver of those pioneering races; he goes very fast slowly. He has that ability, a sort of sixth sense, which allows him to average high speeds over rough tracks but always saving his car. The "brute force" merchant will smash up his car in the first few miles of the East African Safari. The race-track driver does not have much opportunity for success in the sort of roughhouse that it is. What

has made the Safari popular is what made road racing successful in the automobile's developing years, and the obstacles add up to the most gruelling motor travel ever. Yet the Safari is faster and more fun than the conventional European rally today. It is high adventure; it requires a good car and a good crew to get to the end, and it is currently the world's best test of an automobile.

**END**



**WINNING DRIVER** John Manassis climbs out of Mercedes at end of race in home town Nairobi. An ex-soldier with the R.A.F., he went off road once but won by going fast slowly.

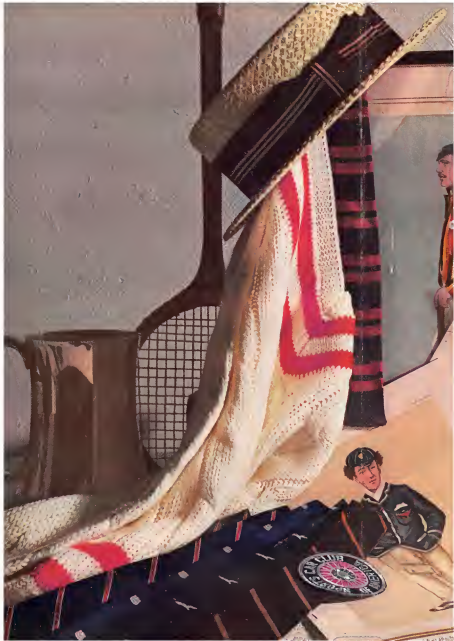
# THE GILT-EDGED STATUS SYMBOL



A New York firm called Gemco has recently discovered, to its surprise, that it is using almost as much gold bullion thread to make blazer crests as it used to make officers' braid during World War II. The reason is shown on the gatefold opposite: the crested blazer, the club button and the old school tie that symbolized "belonging" for the clubmen of Victorian England have been taken up by Americans as status symbols for today. The utilitarian blazer becomes a glamorous garment when emblazoned with the crest of the Bahamas Automobile Club or the Spring Valley Hunt and buttoned with crested gilt buttons instead of ordinary brass ones. Other classics are being fitted into the picture: the necktie firm of Harvale, for instance, suddenly finds itself making not only such longtime stand-bys as Harvard's varsity football tie, but new ties with the symbols or the colors of the Baltimore Colts, Myopia Hunt and the Chicago Racquet Club. Even nonjoiners can now wear symbols, since more than 500 business firms, among them Beech Aircraft and the Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., have their own company ties. Hats, too, are laden with symbols, thanks to a new cult that collects hat badges indicating the wearer has skied such resorts as Tremblant or Zermatt. Some hats, like Field Trial Gunner Ernest Burton's Tyrolean, tell a whole history, in badges, of a man's sporting activity. And the symbol-wearer's wardrobe goes from head to toe. Bill Talbert's Peal dress slippers, for example, are not only embroidered with his monogram, but with crossed tennis rackets as well.

—FRED R. SMITH

*The ties, inspired by the Victorian Englishmen in the caricatures, are, at left, Chicago Racquet, Myopia Hunt, Groton School; at right, U.S. Golf Association, New York Yacht, Anglers' Club, Carleton Mitchell's own, Fly Club and, hanging below Yale Fence Club boater, Harvard varsity football.*







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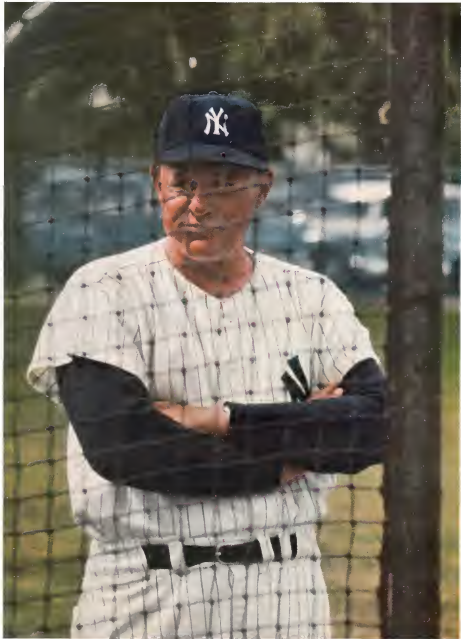
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# THE NEW BOSS OF THE BRONX

Ralph Houk, manager of the Yankees, has the qualities required for running either a ball club or a political domain—a firm hand, a raffish sense of humor and tactical skill at converting enemies

by **TEX MAULE**

Ralph Houk is a happy man. He laughs easily, at his own jokes or at someone else's. People around him experience a feeling of well-being, of relaxed confidence, and this may prove to be his most valuable asset as the new manager of the New York Yankees.

He succeeds a man who had the faculty of provoking laughter, although he was not, essentially, easygoing. Casey Stengel was driven by certain needs that do not affect Houk: for instance, newspapermen found it almost impossible to talk to Casey's coaches because Casey wanted the word from the Yankees to come from him.

"I can understand that," Houk (his name is pronounced: How-k) said the other day. "A coach can get himself into lots of trouble talking to newspapermen if he isn't careful. When I was a Yankee coach and the writers asked me questions I used to shrug and say, 'I don't know. Ask Casey.' That was safe."

Although Houk will not say so, it was also a Casey dictum. Houk has no such restrictions on his coaches.

"I have faith in them," he says. "They

may be misquoted now and then, but who isn't? They are good men and they know how I think and I know how they think and I can trust them."

As much as he trusts his coaches, Houk actually allows them less leeway than Stengel did his. When he arrives at Yankee Stadium soon after 9 o'clock in the morning of a day when the Yankees play at home he has an immediate conference with his pitching coach, Johnny Sain, who may walk into Houk's small office while his boss is very carefully rolling the socks of his uniform down into precise place on his thick, muscular legs.

"How about him?" Sain will say, pointing to one of the Yankee pitchers listed on the card he carries.

"If you think so," Houk answers, looking at his own card. "But if he doesn't want to go tomorrow, we'll try this one." He stabs at the card then with the butt of a cigar, which is in the corner of his mouth most of the time except when he is on the field managing. Then he wears a cud of chewing tobacco in his cheek with some distinction.

Stengel allowed his pitching coach to select the man for the day. Houk consults Sain, decides with him on who will pitch, then announces the pitcher himself. Thus he assumes complete responsibility for the choice; Stengel did not.

Houk has a curious reluctance to discuss Stengel.

"I learned most of what I know about managing when I had the Denver ball club," he says. "I made a lot of mistakes there, but I learned something from all of them. My first year, we started off the season with something like seven wins and 19 defeats. You can't get much worse than that. The big thing I had to get rid of was my temper. I got kicked out of six, seven ball games. You can't do much managing from the clubhouse. So I quit going to bat with umpires. I don't mean I quit arguing with them. But I quit getting kicked out of ball games. Take Durocher the other day, when he and Jocko Conlan were kicking each other on the shins. What good did that do Leo? Every umpire in the league said to himself, 'That s.o.b. I'll take care of him.' So then they're looking for you. They want you to holler. That doesn't do you any good. But you can't let them get away with anything. You got to keep them honest. You got to make them know you're looking if they happen to blow one."

As a major league manager, Houk has translated his Denver lessons into action by becoming a quiet and judicial man.

"I try to play a game an inning ahead," he says. "That's one reason I get here early in the morning, before anyone else does. Then I can sit down at my desk and go over everything in my mind and figure out what the visiting club has and

*continued*

*Photographs by Art Rickerby*

**HOUK'S CHEEK BULGES** with tobacco as he runs practice from behind batting cage.

what I should do in the game coming up. You have to stay an inning ahead of the game all the time."

Now that he has conquered his temper, Houk finds the toughest thing he has to face as the manager of the Yankees is the sportswriters.

"In a big city like New York," he said, "you have a lot of writers to contend with. Some guys like the club, some guys like the manager. But you can't always figure why they feel the way they do, and you got them to contend with. In the minors you had more work to do as a manager, and you had less guys to help you do it. Up here, you got a big staff, so you don't have so many details to take care of yourself."

#### How to handle a writer

"But you get a lot more things to do on the outside. Like this morning, I got you to talk to. I wouldn't have that in the minors. That reminds me of another thing I learned in Denver. You have to try to disregard what the sportswriters say. You can't get sore at them. They can get down on you for any reason—like one guy did out there. He didn't like the Yankee organization or the owners of the Denver club. He didn't even know me and he never talked to me, but he ripped me and the ballplayers every day. Finally, one day, I called him and made an appointment to see him. I told him, 'I don't mind what you say about me, but don't go tearing up my ballplayers.' Then I told him about Bobby Richardson and Woodie Held, and I talked about the trouble they were having and I said to him, 'You watch. By the end of this season these guys are gonna be showing you what kind of ballplayers they are.' And they did. And that guy never wrote any more bad things about me or about the ball club."

This act of transforming an enemy into a friend really marked the beginning of the thoughtful, careful Houk. He was not always thus. His commander during World War II once characterized him as "a cigar-smoking, whiskey-drinking, tobacco-chewing lady-killer."

Houk has a rather raffish sense of humor, a carryover from his playing days. A Kansan (he was born in Lawrence in 1919), he broke into Organized Baseball in 1939 with Neosho in the old Arkansas-Missouri League and had a good rec-

ord as a minor league catcher—for example, he batted .302 with Kansas City, a Triple-A team, in 1948. But he was never outstanding in the majors; he was, in fact, a third-string catcher with the Yankees and played in only 91 games, with only 158 at bats, in more than seven years as a major leaguer. Yet he played with a verve and enthusiasm that made him in his brief appearances a valuable member of the team (the record book shows that he batted .571 in 1949, four hits in seven times at bat). He played—and lived—with an ebullient and earthy sense of humor, which he still possesses.

Of course, as the manager of the Yankees, Houk tempers his humor with decorum. Even when he clownes he retains a sense of dignity that allows the Yankee players to laugh at his clowning without presuming on his good nature. Like most managers, he believes it is

wrong to become too close a friend of his players.

In spring training at St. Petersburg this year he often entertained the team in the clubhouse with hilarious stories of his experiences in the minor leagues and as a manager in Puerto Rico, but once on the field he directed the club firmly and evenly and without the least hint of familiarity—the kind of familiarity that managers fear breeds contempt.

He ran the Yankee training camp with meticulous efficiency, with each phase of training allotted its precise stretch of time, with each player judged thoughtfully and carefully. When Houk says that he tries to play each game as an inning ahead, he is being coldly factual.

He is aware of and sensitive to criticism; this was apparent on Opening Day. Whitey Ford, the best Yankee pitcher, started that first game of the regular season and pitched superbly for six in-

**MICKY MANTLE** displays a faint smile of agreement as he listens to Houk during a spring training session. Much of Mantle's unaccustomed contentment stems from his liking for Houk.



nings. Pedro Ramos, the pitcher for the Minnesota Twins, pitched even better, his efforts aided and abetted by a Yankee hitting slump which had carried over from spring training. In the top of the seventh inning Bob Allison hit a wall-popping home run off Ford, and the next batter doubled. Another man walked, the next sacrificed, and now in the press box some sportswriters began to question Houk's decision to keep Ford in the game to pitch to the next batter, who was Ramos.

"Ramos ain't a bad hitter," Houk explained the other morning, as he sat in his small but reasonably luxurious office just off the Yankee dressing room at the Stadium. "But Ford is a good curve-ball pitcher, and I figure he can break one low and Ramos will hit on the ground, and we cut off the run at the plate. I got the infield playing in close to do that. So Ford throws a ball and it's low, but it's about here." He showed where with a slicing motion of his hand just above his knee. "It shoulda been here." Again the slicing motion, the hand just below the knee. "Now, how much difference is that? Maybe six inches. That's baseball. Six inches high or low. Ramos gets a cheap line drive over the shortstop's head and in come two runs. Now I don't think Whitey was tired when he threw that pitch, and he doesn't either. I had Terry and Coates warmed up, but I wanted Whitey to go all the way. Say I pull Whitey right away when they got those hits off him. This is a 162-game season. So I pull Ford and put in Terry, and he gets the side out. Now it's 1-0 for them and say we get a couple runs and win the game. Whitey's pitched six innings of as good baseball as you're likely to see, but I pulled him and somebody else gets credit for the win. How does that make him feel? You got to think of your players. They're the games for you. And besides, if Whitey gets out of the hole, he's as good as anybody else for the last few innings. You know anyone better?"

Ordinarily Houk has a pleasant, open face (he looks, in repose, very much like an ex-president of the Future Farmers of America, which, indeed, he is), but sometimes his face becomes forbidding. Now, as he thought about the unjustified criticism that had been forthcoming when he let Whitey Ford stay in the game, his face was dark.

"Why don't they ever ask me why I

do something?" he said. "Like when I put Kubek in as lead-off batter against Bud Daley. They were curious about that, but no one asked me about it. Well, look. Kubek has always hit pretty good against Daley. Not a hell of a lot, but good enough. He gets on. So then I got Richardson hitting second. So here's the best guy on the club for moving the runner up. He can bunt, he can hit behind the runner, he can hit on a hit and run. He always gets the bat on the ball. Then what? You got Kubek on second. They can't walk Lopez to get to Mantle and Mays, can they? So I figure I'll get a run in the early innings and hang on to it. We're not getting runs in bunches, remember. One run, two runs. That can be important when a club is hitting as we've been lately. So that's why I put Kubek in as the lead-off hitter. Sound logical?"

Houk does not believe in the wholesale platooning of players that Casey Stengel made into a trademark.

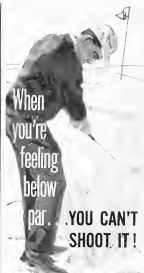
#### Can't afford errors

"Maybe I would if I had the material," Houk says. "But there are so many things to consider. Say you get a mediocre pitcher or a poor pitcher in the ball game. You can't platoon in the infield. You can't go for pinch hitters. You can't give away any defense at all. A real good pitcher, you figure to push himself out of trouble if the infield blows a couple behind him. But an average guy pitching, he needs all the help he can get. So you got to go with the best defense you can put in the game. You can't worry about they got a lefty or a righty pitching. You got to have the best fielders behind your pitcher. Doesn't do any good to add hitting if the hitter makes an error at the wrong time and gives them a real big inning."

The players had just begun to straggle into Yankee Stadium to dress for a game against Kansas City. Whitey Ford was due to pitch again.

"Someone said in the paper the other day that I didn't realize Ford was just a six- or seven-inning pitcher," Houk said as he prepared to leave his office. "Sheee. This guy didn't see Whitey go nine the last time out in Florida, eight the time before and strong enough then to go nine. Watch him today."

Ford went nine and shut out the Athletics on three hits. Houk, after the game, puffed on his cigar and smiled. **END**



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## The lowborn champion

**Pedigrees mean nothing to Su Mac Lad, who beat the world's best in the United Nations Trot**

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and suits than any other label in the world.

The most talked-about horse in these crisp early days of the harness racing season is Su Mac Lad, a lowborn 7-year-old gelding from Illinois who was sold for \$750 as a 2-year-old. The medium-sized but long-bodied, smooth-gaited bay trotter has now won \$292,549 all told, and should be odds-on to collect another \$25,000 in this Thursday's National Championship Trot at Yonkers Raceway.

Despite his pedigree, which is as undistinguished as that of the Kentucky Derby future-book favorite, Carry Back, Su Mac Lad is a wonder of consistency, stamina and gameness. While becoming the leading money winner among aged trotters last year, for example, he raced with a quarter crack in his left front hoof. Su Mac Lad has his little foibles. He amuses himself endlessly by tinkling a small bronze bell attached to the crossbars in his stall. Like Dagwood Bumstead, he is a night feeder. He is fond of carrots. His owner I. W. Berkemeyer of New Jersey, who is in the business of renting hearses to undertakers and picked him up for \$35,000 two seasons ago, is partial to shad roe.

After putting away a plate of roe last week, Berkemeyer watched Su Mac Lad win his finest victory, defeating the balmyhooed French mare, Masina, who likes artichokes, and six other notable trotters from all over. This was the \$50,000, 1½-mile United Nations Trot on the half-mile Yonkers track. What with the mad multiplication of American "international races," it is possible that a bigger one will come along later in the year, but not likely. Masina, the statuesque (16.2 hands) chestnut 5-year-old who, in January, took Europe's foremost trot, the \$60,000 Prix d'Amérique at Vincennes, is clearly the No. 1 foreign attraction. Owner Henri Levesque returns her to the Continent for the year

after a consolation race this Thursday.

Masina hogged the headlines during a dreary row between Yonkers and Roosevelt Raceways over which had the right first to race her in America. Yonkers won but, sad to say, Masina then goofed. With U.N. dignitaries looking on, she got away slowly in the U.N. Trot, as Tornese, a horse beloved in Italy, sprinted for the lead and Su Mac Lad, starting from the outside post position, tucked in on the rail in fourth place. Driver Stanley Dancer, a shrewd raceway reinsman, took Su Mac Lad far outside at the half-mile to overtake Tornese, slowed the quick early pace and, after doing the mile in 2:08.4, whipped the gelding home a half length ahead of the Canadian-owned stayer Tie Silk, in 3:10.4.

#### Exit Masina

Behind them, Masina crudely booted her own chances and those of Tornese. Approaching the mile, she had made an impressive rush from sixth place to challenge Su Mac Lad but, unused to tight, half-mile track turns, steamed on the point of breaking past in the following bend. Moving into the backstretch, she "stopped," bore in and locked sulky wheels with Tornese, and that was that. Tornese pulled himself together to finish third, but Masina was dead last.

For Su Mac Lad it was the fourth straight major win of the new season; for Mrs. Paul Davis, his breeder out in Henderson, Ill., it was food for much thought. She couldn't care less if cruties scoffed at Illinois breeding. What really concerned Mrs. Davis was what to do with a 3-year-old sorrel half brother to Su Mac Lad. Heartsick over parting with Su Mac Lad because there wasn't room for him down on the farm, Mrs. Davis, a not unsentimental woman, is clinging to the sorrel.

"He's my baby," she says. "He has only been halter-broken so far, but I know instinctively that he is a born trotter, like Su Mac Lad. If I ever let him go, it will have to be to someone who will take good care of him."

END

## No feud like an old feud

Caught in the traditional animosity  
between St. Paul and Minneapolis, the  
Twins are open to box office trouble



IN SOME AREAS CEREMONIAL MOTORCADE MET WITH ENTHUSIASM BUT

Minneapolis and St. Paul are divided by much more than the Mississippi River which flows between them. St. Paul, on the east bank, is the state capital, an old railroad and lumber town with a predominantly Irish population. Minneapolis, pronounced Minni-hopeless in St. Paul, is Swedish and German. As described by a chamber of commerce man, Minneapolis is younger, larger and more energetic than its rival, with newer buildings and wider streets, "which I'm sure you've noticed."

It was this Montague-Capulet atmosphere that made Calvin Griffith hesitate before moving his Washington Senators to Minneapolis last fall. He was informed, correctly, that no self-respecting St. Paul citizen would watch a Minneapolis team play baseball, or vice versa. Deciding that neither city could support a major league team without help from the other, Griffith hedged by renaming his club the Minnesota Twins and announcing it would play its home games in Metropolitan Stadium in suburban Bloomington, a spot equidistant from both downtown areas. This, Griffith hoped, would win over citizens of both towns.

Last week the Twins, having won five of six road games to lead the American League, arrived in Minnesota for the first time. ("As far as I'm concerned," said St. Paul Mayor George Vavoulis, "we're 5-0. Minneapolis is 0-1.") A local paper announced that "Minnesota's onetime feuding Twin Cities have solidly nailed down the red carpet of unity" in welcoming the team. On display in both towns was the team emblem, twin

ballplayers shaking hands from opposite sides of the Mississippi. Waitresses wore Twin buttons. A special fight song—"We're going to Win, *Twins*—was played incessantly. The *Tons* Twins were brought to town—both towns—for the occasion. The team even picked two bat boys—twins, of course.

The day before the first game there were, naturally, two banquets for the team, a breakfast in St. Paul and a lunch in Minneapolis. A long motorcade carried the players from one town to the other along streets crowded with on-lookers.

The luncheon in Minneapolis was heavy with sugary speeches. Joe Cronin spoke of "the exhaustive study" the American League made when it considered expansion. Ford Frick called himself "an ardent expansionist." He also referred to the Twins as Minneapolis, causing Mayor Vavoulis to leap to his feet and alert the commissioner to the existence of St. Paul. Calvin Griffith, who moved to Minnesota simply to make a little money, heard himself called a "man of rare courage and great loyalty, a dynamic leader with characteristics all of us try for." To a standing ovation, Griffith rose and assured his audience that "while in Washington we weeded out a lot of players with a defeatist complex. The boys we have left sense the spirit and vitality of their new home."

There was one genuine moment. When Paul Giel, once an All-America tailback for the University of Minnesota and now a Twins pitcher, was introduced, he was greeted with a roar that lasted

two minutes. When it died, Giel grinned broadly, spread his arms and said: "In the words of Charley Weaver, these are my people."

### Disappointing turnout

The morning of the first game, the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* confidently predicted the crowd would reach 32,000. It was, therefore, surprising when only 24,606 showed up, 2,000 less, the visiting Washington press gleefully pointed out, than the Opening Day crowd at Griffith Stadium. The day was marked by confusion typical of a new franchise. Mickey Vernon, manager of the Senators, was barred from entering the stadium by a guard who didn't "care who you say you are, no one gets in here without a pass." Governor Elmer Andersen threw out the first ball to Minnesota thrasher Cookie Lavagetto. Cookie dropped it, and Ford Frick, raising the American flag in center field, had it stick halfway up. Joe Cronin stepped up and helped pull, but the flag held fast. Griffith and Lavagetto took a turn with no luck. So the flag remained at half-mast during the game, symbolically as it turned out, since the Twins lost in the ninth inning 5-3. The fans were generally subdued throughout the game—"knowing," a paper the next day called them.

Only 17,445 people showed up for the second game, and less still, 13,408, for the third. It was the lowest attendance any new franchise has had for its opening three-game series and it set people to speculating whether or not Calvin Griffith's move to the upper Midwest





HERE REACTIONS WERE CLEARLY MIXED

might be, in time, a magnificent failure.

The Minnesota front office is optimistic. The team has an advance sale of 400,000, of which 45% has come from the area outside the two cities. On opening day a busload of people drove in from Billings, Mont., 800 miles away. A pilot in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. bought four season tickets, and plans to make two charter flights to the ball park each day. A cab driver in Armstrong, Iowa bought five season tickets and will run a ferry service to the ball park. One South Dakota town, population 75, has ordered 74 tickets for a Yankee game in June (someone had to mind the store). Requests for tickets have come in from all over the hinterlands, from towns named Sleepy Eye and Thief River Falls, Rugby and Portage la Prairie.

Despite this rural enthusiasm for the Twins, the front office knows it needs hearty support from the cities. There is concern about St. Paul, where the advance sale is lower than had been expected. "They'll never get St. Paul to come," said one St. Paul man before the first game. "You can call the team the Twins if you want, but everybody knows it's a Minneapolis ball club playing in the old Minneapolis Millers ball park."

Many Minneapolis people agree: "No discredit to St. Paul," said one Minneapolis official, "but we did all the work getting the team. The St. Paul people didn't cooperate until after we nailed it down."

The red carpet of unity may have been laid out for the Twins, but underneath it the Mississippi—and the old feud—go rolling along. **END**

# MEN!



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## The untouchables

**After a sorry century of campus status seeking, Brown achieves recognition at last**

**I** don't believe it," croaked the voice on the public-address system at Lake Onondaga one summery day last year. "I just don't believe it."

What the announcer understandably couldn't believe was that a raggle-taggle

crew from Brown University, a crew which had come to Syracuse without even a coach, had just finished fourth in the punishing three-mile race of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association—and done it a mere six seconds behind the winner.

By last week the almost universal surprise in the world of rowing at the prowess of the oarsmen from Providence had abated somewhat. The newly respectable crew had won the first two races of the current season with ease. Last Saturday it crossed the finish line ahead of Syracuse and only a length behind Harvard in its third race, a mile-and-three-quarter sprint across the waters of the Charles River. In the immediate environs of Brown's own Seekonk River, however, the wonder of the sudden respectability that cloaked the crew was certain to last for a long, long time.

Few if any sports can boast a history of rejection and failure comparable to that of rowing at Brown. The Brown crew that rowed at Syracuse last year was not even officially recognized by the college. It was merely an undergraduate club, its status roughly that of a campus ham radio society. It was coached by an amateur named Gordon Helander, most of whose time was devoted to studies at the Rhode Island School of Design. It was forced to support itself on charity and poney (\$400 a year) handouts from the student activity fund. Moreover, it was the heir to a century-old tradition of penury, misery, despair, defeat and humiliation.

Brown got its first taste of intercollegiate racing in 1859 in a race against Harvard and Yale on Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Mass. Local historians curtly report that Brown finished third, but fuller accounts reveal that the Brown crew had scarcely gotten under way when the race, for them, was over. Fine for slogging through the winter ice on Providence's Seekonk River, Brown's six-oared shell outweighed the other

boats by at least 150 pounds, and was by no stretch equipped for racing. Worse still, its name was *Atalanta*, after a mythical goddess famous principally for losing a foot race and her maidenly bloom in the bargain.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, the student paper of the day reported that "boating interest continues unabated." The next year, accordingly, a refurbished Brown crew, full of confident high spirits and boasting "the lightest best-trained crew with the lightest boat," returned to Worcester, where "all admired the beauty" of their brand-new craft. Light and beautiful the new shell was to be sure, weighing a feathery 112 pounds and fragile as a magnolia blossom—so much so that halfway through the race this delicate vessel quietly fell to pieces and sank, leaving Brown the loser once more.

### Lost stomach

The Civil War put a full stop to rowing at Brown for some years after that but, by 1868, says a history of Brown, "the river was again awakened by the boatmen's merry laughter." The laughter faded to a brave smile a year later when a gale helped itself to part of the boat-house, but in 1870 jollity was rampant on the Seekonk when a Brown boat, manned by freshmen, beat Amherst, Harvard and Yale at one sitting despite a collision with the Amherst boat. During the next five years, however, Brown lost every race it entered, lost all its shells and its boat-house in a fire and, finally in 1875 lost its stomach for the sport of rowing and all that it represented.

Crew languished on the Seekonk River thereafter, until 1949, when nine students—just enough to fill a modern shell—pooled their resources (\$50) to buy a 28-year-old third-hand boat from a Delaware prep school. Kindhearted crewmen at Harvard and Princeton donated a set of eight castoff oars, and an ex-Princeton oarsman, by then a retired Providence businessman, volunteered as coach. The crew had no coaching lunch, so the volunteer had to bellow instructions through an open window while his wife steered the family car up and down the Seekonk's west shore road. Thus braced, the new crew wangled an invitation to Derby Day at Yale. "The distance was a mile," remembers one of the Browns, now a Connecticut lawyer, "and I think Yale won by—oh, say, half a mile. I bet there were 30,000 Ellis and their dates on the



COACH GIVES CREW A LAST WORD

shore and they all threw beer cans at us." Predictably, the Brown crew completed the 1949 season with its venerable 1875 losing streak intact.

The following year the crew achieved a measure of respectability with the formation of the Brown Rowing Association, made up of undergraduates and Providence businessmen interested in helping to raise money. Encouraged by this show of confidence, Brown won eight races in the next five years while losing only 15. And in the five years after that the crew won 12 races, losing only nine, and went on to surprise the announcer and the world at large in the race on Lake Onondaga.

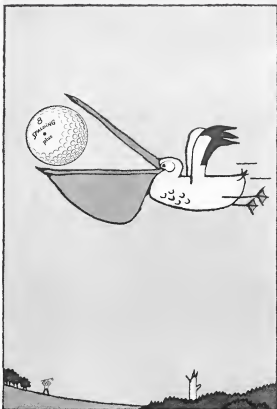
This year the university fathers have at last decreed that, starting next season, Brown's crew will be granted full status as an undergraduate sport. This means that instead of depending on the charity and token financial help from the student activities fund, Brown's crew will have a \$10,000 budget, will fall under the athletic department and will be able to hire its first professional coach (though the oarsmen are all quite happy with Coach Helander). Said one member of the crew: "The papers have been calling us the Orphans of the Seekonk and the Cinderella team. Now it looks like we've been adopted and the music is about to begin."

#### Little Red Hens

With a well-cultivated *esprit de corps* driving them on, Brown's oarsmen train rigorously, running each day from the campus to the banks of the Seekonk a mile and a quarter away. (By contrast, a member of Brown's long-recognized baseball team drove his car the other day from the gymnasium to the diamond, a matter of 200 yards.) But they still keep pretty much to themselves ("We're the clubbiest club on the campus," says one of them, "and I'm including the lacrosse and Rugby boys"). Because they have largely made their own way, the crew members tend to regard themselves, albeit insouciantly, as martyrs. Thus, though they themselves petitioned the university for integration into the intercollegiate program, there was a light resentment when the boon was actually granted.

"Of course," said one Brown rower, "we're proud that we've made the grade. On the other hand, you can't help feeling a bit like the Little Red Hen. Now that we've made it, we're asked to share the glory."

END



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## Bluegrass, bourbon and burgoo

**D**erby weekend in Louisville is much more than horses, roses and *My Old Kentucky Home*. It is a three-day festival of eating, drinking and merrymaking. The drinking, of course, is bourbon. And the eating is the kind that should banish forever the Yankee notion that grits, turnip greens, fried chicken and corn pone are all there is to southern cooking. The big do of Derby Saturday—besides the race itself—is breakfast. At the Derby Breakfast given each year by Barry Bingham, who runs the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a buffet is set under a canopy of white and pink dogwood trees on a lawn overlooking the Ohio River. The breakfast guests are served mint juleps in silver julep cups, and piled with creamed sweetbreads and Kentucky ham (which, says Louisville's naturally partisan cookbook author, Marion Flexner, is so tender that it makes Virginia ham seem like chipped beef). Silver-dollar-size cornmeal-batter cakes are served with pitchers of



melted butter and cane syrup. There is a salad of avocados with Kentucky Bibb lettuce—a tender product of the soil that makes bluegrass grow.

The most famous of all Derby dishes, however, is the one known as burgoo—Kentucky's version of what Scarlett O'Hara would have called Brunswick stew down in Georgia. On Derby Sunday thousands of Kentucky colonels, their friends and their ladies eat the burgoo, among other things, at a barbecue held for charity in an encampment in the trees near Anchorage. Sides of beef, hundreds of chickens, turkeys and suckling pigs are roasted over a barbecue pit half a block long. And men using canoe paddles stir the savory stew in iron pig-skinning pots. Preceded by a couple of juleps, and served with a Bibb lettuce salad, burgoo can bring the spirit of Kentucky to a Derby-TV party as far away from the Bluegrass country as Anchorage, Alaska is from Anchorage, Ky. Here's how Marion Flexner makes it.

### KENTUCKY BURGOO

1 pound lean beef  
4 small hens  
½ pound baby lamb  
Butter or bacon fat  
6 quarts water  
Bunch of celery tops  
Salt and black pepper to taste  
Dash cayenne  
½ teaspoon Tabasco  
2 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

2 cups sliced ribs  
4 carrots, thinly sliced  
3 onions, chopped  
1 clove garlic, crushed  
1 turnip, thinly sliced  
4 branches celery, chopped  
2 medium potatoes, thinly sliced  
2 green peppers, seeded and sliced  
1 quart tomatoes, fresh or canned  
1 teaspoon sugar  
1 cup corn kernels, cut from the cob

Cut meat into pieces and fry in fat until golden brown. Remove to a heavy soup kettle with a tight-fitting lid. Pour water over meat. Add celery tops, 1 onion, salt, pepper, cayenne, Tabasco and Worcestershire sauce. Cover pot. When mixture comes to a hard boil, reduce heat and simmer 4 to 5 hours, or until meat falls from bones. Remove meat, and strain broth. Return broth and lean meat to pot. Soak all vegetables except tomatoes and corn in same fat in which meat was browned. Add to broth. Discard extra fat in pan, put in tomatoes and sugar and bring to a boil. Pour contents of pan over meat and vegetables. Correct seasoning, adding more salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce if necessary. Cover pot, and when mixture boils, reduce heat once more. Cook slowly until all the vegetables are very tender and the liquid has reduced, but do not let it cook to a mush—add more water if necessary. Add the corn kernels and cook ½ hour longer, stirring occasionally to avoid sticking or scorching. Burgoo should be very thick. Serves 12.

**W**hen the weather's fine on the morning of Louisville's Derby Day, breakfast parties are held out of doors on the bluegrass, with the spring sun glinting on julep cups and silver trays filled with the triumphs of Kentucky's kitchens.

*Drawings by Henry Kuehler*

## Right course to the right town

**The new Mazatlán ocean race is a tough sailing test that ends in a delightful vacation spot**

The trouble with California sailing has always been too much ocean and too few places to go. Most of the big-boat races are one-day, around-the-mark-and-back affairs. While these short courses are fine for competition, they are no fun at all for wives, who are usually at home when father leaves for the yacht club, and still waiting at home when he gets back.

The other traditional events go all the way to Honolulu and Acapulco, the finest of resort towns. But the races themselves take forever—about 12 days to Honolulu, and eight or nine or 10 or 11 to Acapulco, depending on whether the Acapulco winds blow, which they usually do not. Furthermore, the expense of flying the family down and back is enough to make the most well-padded sailor shudder just a little. What was lacking was a fairly long, tough course that ended in a pleasant and reasonably accessible vacation town.

Then, on April 9, a small fleet took off from Los Angeles on a brand-new race; and when the nine boats pulled into the Mexican city of Mazatlán (see map) seven days later, they had consummated what seemed to be the perfect deep-water event. In the 1,011 miles between start and finish, there was every element of ocean-going excitement. There were powerful winds—up to 30 knots off Magdalena Bay—with plenty of spinnaker work. And there were light breezes across the mouth of the Gulf of California, with a short windward leg at the finish.

There was danger: during the squalls of the third night off Magdalena Bay, Dick Lerner's *Gawn*, skirting too close to shore, ran hard aground. Her rigging came crashing down and the hull foundered. The crew managed to get ashore,

then walked 16 miles to a Mexican naval station, where they were picked up five days later by the U.S. Coast Guard escort vessel *Alert*.

And there was competition. The 75-foot ketch *Kowah*, owned by Beverly Hills oilman Larry Doheny, led the entire way. But she made too wide a turn rounding Cape San Lucas, ran into the light, fluky winds to the south and was

a better all-round test of seamanship."

Ray Elliott from *Kowah* agreed, and added that the Mazatlán event takes in the "good half," i.e., the windy half, of the Acapulco race.

There was one other point, perhaps the most important of all, on which the racers were in total agreement. That was on Mazatlán as a bright and bouncy vacation town. The wives were there in force, most flying the relatively short hop from L.A., and the rest driving down the highway through Mexicali. The majority stayed at the Balboa Club, with the spillover putting up at the motels along the beach. A few tried the ancient Belmar, where a cornet-tooting band crashed out its Mexican concert at cocktail hour, and a pair of long, hungry boa constructors slithered about the basement, keeping the rat population under control.

### Beaches and billfish

Like all good tourists, the sailors and their wives tried to do everything. North of town, the swimming was excellent on the broad, sandy beaches. Offshore, there was some of the best billfishing water anywhere in North America. In the town itself, the Mazatlán race committee had arranged a rocking round of cocktail and dinner parties. Afterward, if you were still alive, there were plenty of waterfront night spots. And, finally, for anyone who had not had enough sailing on the race itself, Mazatlán is the southern terminus for matchless cruising in the gulf (SI, Jan. 28, 1957).

Austin Prepples, crewman on *Windspan*, summed up the feeling for Mazatlán. "This is going to develop into a fine race," he said. "There weren't many yachts this year because we had only a couple of months to get ready. But Acapulco had only nine entries the first time, too, and now there are over 35. And all these extra features around Mazatlán are going to draw people who don't usually go into the racing circuit." **END**



**RACE TO MAZATLÁN** covers 1,011 miles, may soon develop into one of most popular events on the West Coast yachting calendar.

out of the money. The winner was the 40-foot sloop *Windspan*, skippered by Dick McDonald of Newport Beach. McDonald got his trophy after a 1,000-mile boat-for-boat duel with Bob Allan's *Hofulay* that saw the two vessels almost within hailing distance for seven full days, and maneuvering at the finish like class boats in an afternoon race.

Afterward, the sailors were unanimous in their praise of the new race. "This had all the best features of Honolulu," said Hilyard Brown, top helmsman on *Windspan*. "Besides, Honolulu is actually an endurance contest. This one was



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**EARLY TIMES**



## A business proposition

**The Pender-Basilio fight made money, but for the beaten Carmen it was a tough buck**

It is the contention of Angelo Dundee, who works Carmen Basilio's corner, that Carmen could beat Paul Pender in a 100-yard foot race. It is Carmen's immoderate boast that he can run the 100 in between nine and 10 seconds: the world's record is 9.3. Be that as it may, Basilio unfortunately chose to fight Pender instead, and last Saturday in the Boston Garden he was sorely beaten.

It was Basilio's contention before the fight that he could make up for time's erosions—he is 34—with cleverness. "I have devised a system," he said somewhat playfully, "to defend successfully against Pender. What I am going to do will foul up his expectations to the maximum, but I just don't want to overelaborate."

"He won't fire aimlessly shots," Dundee gratuitously explained.

"Sometimes fighters sound like they've been educated," Carmen said, grinning. "It's part of the script for them to talk like this—'duh, duh, duh.' I talk too much sometimes; at least that's what my wife keeps saying. 'Keep your big mouth shut!' Is that libelous?"

Basilio said he could always box a little, but, in his heyday, would rather fight. He attributes his cleverness to his Roman heritage: Carmen's father was born in Rome and Romans consider themselves a sophisticated lot. By way of illustration, Carmen tells a little joke. A Roman dog came upon a Sicilian dog carrying a very juicy bone. The Roman dog flattered the Sicilian and sweetly asked him where he came from. "Sicilia," the dog shouted proudly, and, of course, dropped the bone. The Roman dog picked it up. The Sicilian sourly asked him where he came from. "R-r-r-roma," the Roman dog growled deep in his throat, teeth firmly clenched about the bone.

Alas, the Boston Garden is neither the Forum nor a cafe on the Via Veneto,

where wit, oratory and cunning may carry the day. Floyd Patterson has said: "When you get in that ring it's not a spelling contest. It's a battle." Basilio, in his great hours, was nothing but a battler, and it was again as a battler that he had his most successful minutes Saturday night.

Saturday was gray and foul, a good day for fighting, even murder. Johnny Buckley, a bitter old man who used to manage Pender, was going around muttering that he would kill Paul if he could get away with it. Pender had recently split with Buckley and manages himself. "Managers just aren't mentally equipped," says Paul, who gives considerable evidence that he is. "The game has gone by them." Until early Saturday afternoon Basilio managed himself, too. Then, John DeJohn and Joe Netro, banned for life in New York, received their licenses from the Massachusetts commission. Neither was in Carmen's corner, however. DeJohn sat on a suitcase directly below it, as though the commission might at any moment change its mind and he'd have to blow town.

### Lesset and gains

There were omens that afternoon, too. Basilio lost a dime in a pool at the weighin, predicting he would weigh 156 1/2. He weighed, surprisingly, 159. But Pender, even more astonishingly, was a pound and a quarter over the 160-pound limit for a middleweight championship fight. It took an hour and 25 minutes of running in place in a raincoat with a towel wrapped about his neck and four weighins before Paul made the weight. "What did you have for breakfast?" he was asked. "Too much," said Paul.

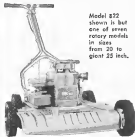
Eight hours later Paul had too much for Carmen. In the first round, however, he seemed a little listless and out of joint; his arms waved like seaweed in the tide. It was evident that it was Basilio's intention to box him from a crouch until a proper opening presented itself. To this end, Basilio flopped up his foolish jab,

continued

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BLOODY BASILIO, HALFWAY THROUGH ROPES, IS HELPED TO FEET BY REFEREE BRADLEY

### BOXING *continued*

which starts with a little pat on his left hip; it is, he admits, "crazy." The second round started languidly. There was no infighting to speak of, as Referee Eddie Bradley broke the fighters with almost excessive haste. (Bradley was, it turned out later, a man of uncommon compassion.) Suddenly Basilio flushed out a long, powerful right which caught Pender behind his ear. It thoroughly stunned Pender, and Basilio drove Paul against the ropes with a succession of hooks. Although Pender fought out of trouble, a few more accurate hits there might have decided matters differently. In the third, Pender began jabbing with frequency and accuracy. Basilio, crouching so low his head was at times below his waist, responded fitfully. Basilio's corner was whooping it up. Reminded that Pender was scoring more points than Basilio with his punches, Dundee retorted: "You go swimming, you get wet." But Basilio was all but drowning.

### 'Dead, dead, dead'

Basilio lost the third round and though he won the fourth, he hurt his left shoulder, a recurrent injury, and was unable to throw any proper hooks for the remainder of the fight. "If I had my hook I could have fooled him," he said later. "But you need two arms to fool someone. You can't feint with one hand. My arm was dead, dead, dead." From that round on, with the exception of the 11th which I scored for Basilio, and the 12th, which I called even, Basilio was finished.

In the fifth, Pender began to get his hook working, and Carmen started to

bleed from the nose; unhappily, he never picks off a punch except with his face. "Get under, get under," Carmen's corner kept yelling to him. But when Basilio crouched he neglected, for the most part, to weave, and wasn't, besides, in an advantageous position to punch. Pender became more confident, moving with lightness, breaking off his short, precise, almost finicky hooks on Carmen's barren face. "From the fifth round on, I started to breeze," Paul said.

In the 12th, Carmen looked at the clock beseechingly when there was a minute still to go. In the 13th, Basilio's face was a broken mask of tragedy. A series of combinations staggered him: he returned them doughtily but a right sent him down, a left hook contributing to his descent. He got up fairly promptly and started to wander, disassociated, toward the ropes, lost his balance and fell again. Bradley came over and—seemingly dismayed at the bloody, beaten object at his feet—pulled Basilio up, which is, of course, prohibited by the rules. It was only the second time in a proud career spanning 13 years, 78 fights and two championships that Basilio had been down.

Carmen survived the 14th, but his corner was in an uproar. "Is he all right?" DeJohn asked desperately. "He talks all right," Dundee said and then, turning to the ring, shouted, "Get down! Way down! Get down!" But Basilio was knocked off his feet in the famous 15th, this time from a left hook. He got up and manfully returned the fire but was almost knocked down twice again, once keeping himself up by grabbing Pender, who inadvertently supported him under

the arms. He was teetering at the bell.

The decision was overwhelmingly in favor of Pender—perhaps a trifle too much. But then it was Boston, the home of the home-town decision as well as the cod. There was talk of Patterson defending in Boston in the future. "He better bring along three American officials," someone cracked.

When asked why he made such an all-out assault in the last round when it was obvious he had the fight won, Pender replied: "So I got careless. I like to be exciting, give the people a run for their money." Pender, who got a reputation for extreme caution in his two wins over Sugar Ray Robinson, is, it seems, turning into the kind of slugger he once criticized. His new style will undoubtedly swell his purses, however, and he is relentless in his search for money. "My ambition," he says, "is to make money. My career is a business proposition." His next proposition is a return match with Terry Downes in London on July 3. As for Gene Fullmer, who is middle-weight champion of all the world except New York, Massachusetts and Europe, Pender said cockily in his dressing room: "I may give him a shot sooner or later." He wore, incongruously, nothing but a bed sheet, and reminded one of that celebrated noncombatant, Gandhi.

#### Good pay, bad beating

Basilio looked a pitiable mess in his dressing room—red, white and blue. "I don't pay to get old, do I," he said. Someone told him that, at least, he had had a good pay day; he earned some \$40,000. "I think I got underpaid," he said, with ironic accuracy. Someone else said it had been, at least, a good fight. "I didn't win," said Carmen. "I think it was lousy." A reporter told him that it was one of his best fights. It was, perhaps, a genuine comment or a shy, awkward expression of condolence. But it is just this kind of flattery, mendacity, what have you, that keeps guys like Carmen in the parade, stumbling on. Stumbling? Basilio thought he had been knocked down only once! And he was the one, when asked by Senator Dirksen last year whether fighting was a sport or a business, who answered proudly: "A profession." It was a courageous, gallant effort, yes, but not a good fight for Carmen. It was Besquet, the French general, who said as he watched from a height the foolhardy but immeasurably brave charge of the Light Brigade, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." **END**



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## The hero of the Marathon didn't win it

England's Fred Norris took third in the Boston Marathon, but he won a victor's applause for sportsmanship



BUNCHED AT MID-RACE, KELLEY (2) LEADS MCKENZIE (2), OKSANEN (3), NORRIS

The Boston Marathon, which is to long distance running what the Tour de France is to bicycling, annually attracts such a strong foreign field that only one American in the last 16 years has been able to win it. It was, therefore, no surprise that the winner of last week's race, held on a wintry, windy day amid flurries of light snow, was a chunky, pink-skinned Finn named Eino Oksanen. Funn, including Oksanen in 1959, have won the race five times in the last eight years. It was hardly more surprising that New England's Johnnie Kelley was runner-up. Kelley (who won in 1957) has played this role four other times since 1956. But what was surprising was that the hero of the 64th running of the marathon was neither the winner nor the runner-up but 39-year-old Fred Norris, the English freshman from McNeese State College in Louisiana (53, Jan. 23). Norris finished a courageous third in his first Boston race and demonstrated through a fine act of sportsmanship that, while the killer instinct is a valuable asset in sports, there are other qualities equally important.

Norris' lesson came with about 10 miles of the 26-mile, 385-yard race left. He, Kelley and Oksanen were running in a bunch as they girded themselves for the assault on the tough, spirit-shattering Newton hills, where the route rises

in an almost unbroken climb for five miles. Suddenly a black mongrel dog, which had paced the group through the last 10 miles, swerved from the left side of the road and into the runners. Oksanen jumped to avoid him, but the dog hit Kelley full across the legs and he went down violently. For an instant it looked as if the race was over for Kelley, that he would remain flat on the pavement. But Norris stopped abruptly, came back a stride and hoisted Kelley to his feet with both arms.

"It happened so fast," Norris said after the race, "that I hardly had time to think. He looked as if he was down to stay, and he'd been running such a good race. So I grabbed him and shouted, like a command, 'Get up!' It snapped him out of the shock, and he was running right away."

Norris' chances of winning, which had been excellent up to that moment, were lost, along with Kelley's. Distance runners settle into a strong, steady, almost trance-like tempo that seems to carry them on farther than their bodies should be able to endure. Once the spell is broken, they almost never recapture it.

The effort of stopping, returning a

step, lifting Kelley's dead weight and setting him on the path again was doubly severe on Norris. He had been wincing from a stitch in his side, a common complaint of marathoners, and he was beginning to feel the effects of his lack of prerace preparations. Norris had been plagued by a painful muscle strain in his left side. To cure it he had reduced his training program from 90 to 40 miles a week. But on the morning of the race Norris was confident of doing well, even hopeful of winning.

### Prerace nerves

"I've been so filled up with this Boston race I couldn't think of anything else," he said, over a breakfast of scrambled eggs and coffee. "It's a big event in Europe, it's always been a big event in my life, and I bet there'll be plenty of people at home waiting up to see how I do. It makes me a bit nervous just to think of the name of the race—Boston Marathon."

When the field of 165 runners broke from the starting line into the cold, biting wind Norris hung back in a group of 10 that included Kelley and Oksanen. By the time the race had passed Welles-

ley Hills, about 15 miles from the start, the leaders were a tight trio composed of Kelley, Norris and Oksanen. They were running so close together that it was almost comical. At any moment, it seemed, they must get tangled in each other's feet and all fall in a heap on the road. They sped out of Wellesley Hills and down into Newton through a sudden and heavy cloud of snow. But Kelley pushed the pace, and the others stuck to him like burrs. It was developing into a tremendously exciting race.

"It's difficult to know what to do in a race like this," Kelley said later. "If you push too fast a pace, a strong runner like Oksanen may beat you with sheer strength at the end. If you set a slow pace, hoping to outkick him at the end, you suddenly have to contend with 20 other good runners in the field who couldn't keep up with the fast pace."

But then came that dog. The accident happened so swiftly that Kelley was almost run over by the press bus following close behind. But, of course, it was Norris who also got slapped down. Oksanen only picked up 20 yards on the leaders after the accident, and for a short while Norris even took the lead. The effort, however, was too much. As the three climbed the steep Newton hills, Norris began, however reluctantly, to fall farther and farther back.

This left the race to Oksanen and Kelley alone. Oksanen, in sharp contrast to the slender Kelley, is a heavily built man with thick legs and a leonine head, and his stride exudes relentless strength. He waited until only 1,000 yards remained, then suddenly chugged away from Kelley like a powerful tank. Kelley struggled briefly to stay with him, but the Finn was too strong and he won by 125 yards in a time of 2:23:29.

Kelley, who was hardly helped by his fall, was cheerfully philosophical about his defeat and bubbling over with praise for Norris.

"I've become a real Anglophile," he said. "Very few would do anything like that in a race, you get so engrossed. I'm not sure I'd even do it."

Norris, who had looked forward so much to doing well in this event, was also philosophical. "I was keen to win, all right," he said, "but I never let winning or losing a race upset me. I'll try to be back next year, and maybe I'll have a little luck and do better."

Everyone present agreed that he'd done pretty well already. **END**



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# WILD WEDDING ON A SMALL ISLAND

*Few people have ever heard of Swains, 200 miles from Pago Pago, but when a distinguished novelist accepted an invitation to visit there, he found himself in a situation that made Bali Ha'i seem real*

Here am I, / Your special island!" says the song from *South Pacific*. And here it was, gleaming green in the sunrise on the ocean ahead. Its name, to be sure, was not Bali Ha'i. It was, prosaically, Swains. But it was—and is—as "special" an island as exists anywhere in the world.

To locate it you need 1) a large-scale map of the Pacific and 2) a magnifying glass—or, better, a microscope. Start at American Samoa (which is small enough to begin with); move north and very slightly west from the main island of Tutuila; and after 200 miles of blue nothing—if your navigation is perfect—you will come upon the low, lost isle that is Swains (see map, page 66). Geographically, it is the southernmost of the Tokelau, or Union Islands group, of which the next one, Fakaofu, is another 100 miles to the north. Politically it is part of American Samoa, and therefore a possession of the United States. But it is a possession in an unusual, almost theoretical, sense, for what makes Swains Island special is that it is—all three square miles of it—private property.

The dream of a "South Sea island of one's own" is one of the most persistent and venerable of romantic clichés. But

here, on this one dot in the Pacific, dream and cliché become plain fact. For Swains is owned lock, stock and lagoon by a family named Jennings, and has now been so owned—and occupied—for more than 100 years.

Its known history, to be sure, goes back much farther than that: specifically, to 1606, when it was sighted and placed on the map by the Portuguese mariner Quirós, exploring the South Pacific under the flag of Spain. He called it *Peregrina*. The Spaniard Espinosa, happening along a while later, renamed it *Isla de Gente Hermosa* because its inhabitants—presumably Tokelau Islanders—were to his mind "the most beautiful, white and elegant people that were met with during the voyage." Since then it has been called Quirós Island, Olo-senga, Jennings and a variety of other names. But the one that has stuck, unfortunately—for it has neither magic nor much appropriateness—is Swains, which was bestowed on it in 1840 by a Captain Hudson, of the U.S. exploring ship *Porpoise*, in honor of a whaling ship captain who had told him of its existence.

It remained for another whaling man, however, to give more than a name to the tiny atoll. This was Eli Hutchinson

Jennings, a far-ranging Yankee from Southampton, Long Island. Having seen and admired the island in the course of his voyaging, Jennings conceived the idea of making it his home. He obviously was a man adept at changing fancy into fact, for in 1856, age 42, he sailed up from Samoa with a few islanders and a newly acquired part-Samoan wife—and did exactly that. At that time no Western power had yet staked a claim to this tiny shred of real estate. The few Tokelauans who dwelt there were hospitable. And Captain Jennings forthwith set about founding the community and dynasty that have endured to this day.

Before he died on Swains in 1878, Eli Jennings and his wife had had six children. These, in turn, had many more, as did their children, until today there are some 200 living descendants. In the process, a medley of national and racial strains came into the family—including British, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and many varieties of Polynesian—and its present members are widely scattered. But in each generation the oldest son has made his home and raised his children on Swains, so that the continuity of family-on-island has remained unbroken. After the original Eli came Eli II,

*continued*

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# ISLAND WEDDING *continued*

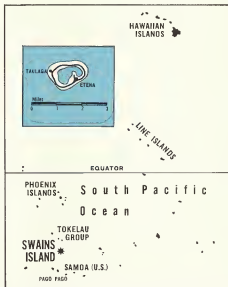
from 1878 to 1920, then Alexander Eli, who "ruled" until 1958, or two years beyond the island's century. And now the head man is young Wallace Hutchinson Jennings, freshly emerged from six years in the U.S. Air Force to assume his rare but lonely heritage.

True, he does not control Swains as absolutely as did his forebears. For with the coming of the 20th century it was no longer feasible for the family to remain stateless, and in 1925, after repeated Jennings requests, the island was annexed by the United States as part of the territory of American Samoa. During the Pacific war it was used as a weather and plane-tracking outpost. And today it boasts a total of three non-Jennings-employed inhabitants: a nurse, a radio operator and a schoolteacher—all Samoan—the last of whom also serves as general government representative.

Very few of the Stateside personnel in

Samoa, concentrated in the capital and port of Pago Pago, have been to Swains, and those few have been mostly doctors on emergency missions. No place on earth, alas, is total paradise, and the island has its problems—of isolation, weather, food supply and health. But of such modern plagues as bureaucracy and officialdom, file clerks and tax collectors, Swains, even under U.S. aegis, is blessedly free.

Until a few months ago I, like almost anyone else, had never heard of the place. Then, reaching Samoa, I heard of it all right, but still with little thought of getting there, for there is nothing vaguely resembling regular transportation. Even in the notoriously unburied South Pacific, however, things do occasionally happen quickly. And, happily, such an occasion came now. For within the space of two days, in Pago Pago, I met a Jennings, was invited to Swains and found myself, rather bewilderedly, on my way. Neither bewilderment nor subsequent



**TINY SWAINS**, here identified as a far larger dot than it actually is, lies some 2,200 miles southwest of Hawaii in an area of the Pacific which even today is rarely reached by sea or air.



enjoyment were lessened by the fact that I was to be not only a guest on the island but at a wedding as well.

The couple-to-be were David Eli Jennings, younger brother of clan leader Wallace, and Bessie Brown of Apia, in Western Samoa. Like Wallace, David had had his hitch with the U.S. armed forces—in his case, three years in the Navy—and though predominantly Polynesian in feature and coloring, was, at age 24, a thoroughly Westernized young man. Bessie, too, was of mixed background—part Samoan, part British—and had had several years of school in New Zealand, which administers Western Samoa as a United Nations trusteeship. They had met and become engaged the year before, when David's ship had called at Apia in the course of a Pacific cruise; and now, with the Navy behind him, they were ready to marry and settle down.

They were not planning to settle down at Swains; one brother, one firmly bearded, was all that so tiny an island could comfortably hold, and David had a promised job in government radio communications in Pago Pago. But the wedding itself was to be at Swains. Over a century, virtually every Jennings wedding—and birth and burial—had taken place at Swains, and it was unthinkable that this should be otherwise. Or, at least, it was unthinkable to the Jenningses. In Samoa, as elsewhere, weddings are usually held in the bailiwick of the bride, and one gathered that Bessie Brown's family had plumped hard for Apia. But Swains and its tradition had won out. The wedding party was now assembled in Pago. And presently off it—and I—went to the mid-ocean nuptials.

It was David who had invited me, and he greeted me as I boarded the *Isabel Rose*, an ex-Navy patrol ship that now plies about the islands and had been specially chartered for the voyage. The rest of the 50-odd passengers, however, remained all but invisible for the duration. Though the inheritor of a great maritime tradition, the present-day Polynesian—the professional sailor excluded—has perhaps the weakest seagoing stomach in the world, a condition to which he is fatalistically resigned. And no sooner had most of my fellow voyagers boarded the ship than they were stretched flat on

the deck on their sleeping mats, heads to the rail, expecting the worst—and soon getting it. Once outside the harbor, the sea rose, the wind howled, and the *Isabel Rose* rolled and pitched and groaned and bucked and wallowed. Bride-to-be Bessie strove mightily to remain at least semi-upright, her pretty face bowed in concentration over a Donald Duck comic book. But soon she too had to give up and was lying with head cradled in David's lap. As for me, I soon switched to a bunk in the tiny cabin, which at least had the advantage of being attached to the ship. Around me, even the cockroaches were having trouble holding their grip on the swaying walls.

The sun's rim dipped, the stars rushed out; at one stride came the dark. (Which, I think, is how the Ancient Mariner put it—except that now it's the wedding guest telling the story.) And in the dark we floundered on through the most misnamed of oceans. Par for the voyage from Pago to Swains is 20 hours, and since we had set out toward midmorning we were due, with luck, to sight our goal at dawn the next day. Repeat: *with luck*. On its previous trip the radarless *Isabel* had had to cruise about for most of a second day before sighting Swains's 20-foot-high crest in the emptiness of sea and sky.

We were lucky, however. At first light there was a shout from the masthead; soon, in the brightening dawn, even I could see a slight thickening on the horizon ahead; and when the sun rose, there it was—our island—in all its improbable glory. I have not used the word *glory* carelessly. There is no other word for a South Sea atoll in the oceanic sunrise. Swains was beauty itself. It was peace. Most of all, above and beyond all else, it was untouched, unflawed aloneness.

Stevenson, writing of his own island, said it best: "It touches a virginity of sense."

The trade wind was still blowing, but more gently. And now we moved into the lee of the island, and the sea was calm. A village swung into view. Two longboats were pulling out from it; across the lagoon, through the opening in the reef. Soon they were alongside us; voices were shouting back and forth, up and down; and now Swains was no

continued

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### ISLAND WEDDING *continued*

longer an island of dream but an island of men. Figures rose like resurrected corpses along the decks of the *Isabel* and became men too. Men, women and children, sisters, cousins and aunts, in bewildering Polynesian profusion.

As the longboats bore us shoreward, David sorted them out for me. About half were Bessie's kin, from Western Samoa, led by a high chief with the pouch and bearing of a Roman senator. The other half were Jenningses, or near-Jenningses; most from Tutuila, a few from the great distances beyond. Among the latter was brother-in-law Jack Thompson, who had come all the way from Honolulu. But this won him only runner-up position, for there was also David's sister, Lilly Billings, from Ocean-side, Calif. On the *Isabel* she had been merely another shroud-covered shape, with two smaller shapes beside her. Now she was a young American mother with two blond, blue-eyed children, staring nervously ahead as we approached an opening in the reef.

Soon coral fangs rose close beside us. The sea rumbled and foamed. The longboat pitched and swayed as steersman and rowers sweated at their oars. Then we were through. We were in the lagoon, in the shallows, and what seemed the entire male population of Swains was hauling us up onto the beach. Before us, with hand outstretched, was a tall brown young man in shorts and sandals, looking not unlike a younger Gregory Peck on South Sea location. This was Wallace Jennings, late of the U.S. Air Force, now master of Swains. And beside him was his widowed mother, Margaret Pedro Jennings. She had, David told me, been born in Tokelau, of an island mother and a half-Spanish half-Portuguese father—in the true family tradition of scrambled races. She and her daughter Lilly had not seen each other in nine years, and they kissed and embraced, weeping happily, on the beach.

Before and around us lay Swains's only village, called Taulaga, the home of its 100-odd permanent inhabitants. At its center, dominant, stood a big tin-roofed copra shed, now filled with the dried coconut meat that would

be shipped out onto the *Isabel Rose*. And roundabout were the islanders' homes: oval Samoan-style *fales* with thatched roofs, open pillared sides and pebbled floors—which would now, with the arrival of the wedding party, have to accommodate a 50% increase in population. Other than the copra shed there were only two Western-type structures. One was a tiny white-painted church, which looked as if it might have been transported bodily from the original Jennings' 19th-century Long Island. And the other was a one-room bungalow that Wallace used as a combination office and bachelor sleeping quarters.

It was here, it developed, that I was to stay—in spite of my protest to my self-evicted host. "It will be good for me to sleep on a mat for a change," he told me, grinning. "The Air Force softened me up. I've got to learn to be a Polynesian again." And off he went to direct the unloading of the ship. "So here you are, Mr. Crusoe," I thought, sitting on the fresh print bedspread and looking at desk, typewriter, bookshelves and phonograph.

But it wasn't the phonograph that was making the music I heard. It was a guitar and living voices. In the next-door *fale*, perhaps 10 yards away, were the rest of the Jenningses, plus assorted guests and islanders: now all barefoot, decked in lava-lavas and flowered garlands, sitting crowded on the pebbled floor, singing the joys of reunion. "Hey, come on!" David called. "Kava's coming. We're waiting for you." And soon typewriters and phonographs were remote beyond imagining.

The wedding, I had been told, was to have taken place that morning; but Bessie, not unreasonably, needed more time to recover from the rigors of the journey. So, "Come on," said David again, and off we went on a tour in the island's one functioning vehicle, a decrepit but valiant zombie of a jeep. Unlike most coral atolls, which are patches of land strung like loose beads on a necklace, Swains is a continuous circular band of island enclosing a wholly landlocked lagoon. Airmen flying over it have remarked its resemblance to a gleaming green doughnut. And now it was around the doughnut that we went, with the outer lagoon, reef and sound-



ing sea on one side of us and the serene inner lagoon on the other.

Across the quarter-mile strip between them rose tall armies of coconut trees, their crowns bursting like emerald bombs against the sunlit sky. Swains puts forth other tropical produce as well, including taro and breadfruit, mangoes and pandanus. But coconut is king: the one cash crop and export, and the support of the House of Jennings for over a century "Pennies from Heaven," the nuts are sometimes called in the islands. For they and their trees need little care. They burgeon and grow throughout the year, their fruit dropping obligingly to earth when it is ripe and ready to be made into copra. Almost the only onus they impose on man is reasonable care in selecting a spot for taking a nap.

Perhaps a third of the way around we came to a clearing and, in it, a sight that would have startled me had I not been briefed beforehand. This was Etena—in English, Eden—a big rambling Western-style building that has been the Jennings homestead for half a century past. Wallace, David and their three sisters had all been born there. In a nearby glade were the graves of their forebears: Eli I, Eli II and Alexander Eli. Currently it was tenanted by Mrs. Margaret Jennings, Wallace (when he was not in his village "office") and miscellaneous relatives and servants, and it

was here that David and Bessie would spend their wedding night. But this afternoon it was deserted, for all attention was centered on Taulaga, where nuptials and feast were to be held.

Completing our circuit, we drove up to Taulaga from the far side. There we found the tiny island school, and met its lone teacher—one of the three "outsiders" on Swains. Not that all the others are "insiders" to the extent of being Jenningses, or even semi-Jenningses. But all, except teacher, nurse and radio man, work directly and exclusively for The Family, and most have been on Swains for a long time. The majority, I had learned, were not Samoans but Tokelauans, preferred as workers by the ruling clan because they were simpler folk than their southern neighbors, less influenced by Western ways or a restless itch for the Yankee dollar.

But, nevertheless, there had been some trouble a few years back—a strike for higher wages, in good Stateside style. And though the matter had been amicably settled, it had evoked the decision in Pago Pago that the Swains school-teacher would serve also as sort of governmental proconsul in charge of grievances and complaints. There had been no major trouble since. Swains was, by and large, I gathered, a happy island, and the teacher had remained 99% teacher. But it was obvious that The Family would have preferred the percentage at a nice round 100.

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## ISLAND WEDDING *continued*

The village itself was now buzzing like a hive. In every cookhouse were roasting pigs, spitted chickens, frying fish, in every *fale*, piles of other food-stuffs that were to be the various families' contributions to the feast. From midmorning the wedding ceremony had been postponed to noon, then to 2, then to 4. Now it was set, definitely, for the hour of sunset, a point in time far more meaningful to the islanders than the obscure logarithmics of a clock. About an hour beforehand, Bessie, with Mrs. Jennings and assorted other females, was driven off to Etena to make her preparations. And presently groom David and best man Wallace had been metamorphosed from almost-naked brown Polynesians into two sleek young Americans in black-and-white tropical evening dress. Lacking such finery, I had brought along, and now donned, a dark blue suit, plus shirt and tie, in which I felt as strange as if clad in a lava-lava in New York's Times Square.

The sun sank. The sky flamed. Dust rose from under our polished shoes as we marched the 100-odd yards to the church, with the whole village in our train. There was room in the pews for only about 50 people, and most of the crowd jammed the door and windows while family and special guests sat down inside. There was the traditional wast. It was growing rapidly darker, and a kerosene pressure lamp was lighted and hung from a beam above the altar. The island pastor appeared: a tall chiefly-looking man with white hair, clothed from waist up in a white jacket, shirt and tie, but with lava-lava below and his brown feet bare. Then, at a signal, the congregation began to sing; and though the music may once have been Mendelssohn's, the rhythm was South Seas undiluted. Feet tapped gently and hips swayed along the prim lines of the pews.

At the altar David and Wallace figured, as groom and best man do anywhere. Then they became immobile, as Bessie appeared, attended by a single maid of honor. She was dressed as a Western bride in long white gown with cap and veil; and she seemed, and indeed was, much taller than before, for

she was precariously balanced on high spike-heeled shoes.

The ceremony was that of the London Missionary Society, an outgrowth of the British Congregationalist Church, which for years has been the dominant Protestant sect in Polynesia. And the language used was Samoan—or at least I think it was (the roaring pressure lamp above the altar reduced the pastor's voice to a mere murmur). The couple knelt, then rose. Vows and rings were exchanged. There was the benediction; and again the congregation sang—and swayed; and in the eyes of the L.M.S., the Government of American Samoa and the world at large, David and Bessie Jennings were now man and wife. Outside, as they marched forth, the last of the day was gone and the stars blazed like beacons in the ocean night.

After solemnization—celebration. And Pacific islanders, as has been oft told in song and story, are the best celebrators on earth. The big copra shed had been cleared. Where before there had been the mounds of dried coconut waiting for the *Isabel Rose*, there were now great swathes of banana fronds spread to make floor-level tables; and on them, row upon row, was piled all the edible bounty that island plus guests could provide. Above all, there was pig—pig everywhere—from tiny tender sucklers half lost among the greenery to huge bulging shapes that looked less like pork than roast mastodon. There were fowls, fish, shellfish, land crabs. And taro and yams and breadfruit and mangoes. There were two gigantic wedding cakes, one supplied by each family, and, for libation, kava, coconut milk and stacked cases of beer brought up, specially, from Pago Pago. For a few guests—meaning those insured to this particular form of the white man's burden—there was even whisky, which we downed in Swains Highballs, with coconut milk as mixer. (And since these, I might add, did not put me permanently on the wagon, I'm afraid that nothing ever will.)

We ate and ate . . . and drank . . . and now there was music again; this time not merely singing voices but the plunk of guitars, the thrum of ukuleles, the whack of drumming hands on empty biscuit tins. Almost magically the banana-leaf tables and the mountains of

food disappeared, and the copra shed became a dancehall. Tradition called for bride and groom to dance first, and out they went, Bessie and David, while the music swelled and the crowd shouted and clapped time.

She was still wearing her full bridal dress, he his immaculate summer tux; for a moment they could have been a pair of newlyweds in Southampton, Long Island—but for a moment only. Then the focus changed. The earth spun. For now Bessie had kicked off her spiked shoes, her hips were swaying, her arms moving in the ancient patterns of the Samoan siva; and David was circling her, his feet stamping, his body jerking in primeval rhythm. Faster they went, and faster. The drumbeat swelled. Their pace rose toward frenzy. And in the bizarre contrast of their clothing and movement, of the steel beams of the shed and the wild shouting that rang from them, was contained, it seemed to me, the very essence of the story of Polynesia.

Then Bessie and David sat down. They were resting, panting, laughing; again a Western bride and groom in their nuptial finery. But others took over where they had left off. At first it was impromptu, catch-as-catch-can: each individual or couple or group gyrating about as impulse seized them. Then an announcement was made. Sides were taken. And now for hours, the shed rocked to a siva contest between the homegrown Swains Islanders and the visiting firemen from Samoa. It was not only the young who danced, but the old as well, everyone from Margaret Jennings, the island dowager, to the lowliest feicher-and-carrier in Swains's social hierarchy. Fat old grandmothers, whom one would have thought incapable of three consecutive steps, became light-footed creatures of grace and abandon. A hunchbacked dwarf leaped and twisted like a brown Nijinsky. The need to dance was in blood and bones, no less than the need to breathe or eat or propagate; and along with the need, the skill as well. For among the hundred or more responding to drum and string and shouting voices, there was not one misfit, not one clod.

Indeed, there were only two in the whole crowd who didn't dance. One, of course, was I, now filled like the rest

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## ISLAND WEDDING *continued*

with the wild rhythm (not to mention Swans Highballs) but still too frozen in Western inhibitions to do anything about it. And the other was the Jennings sister, Lilly Billings. We had sat together through the feast and since, and by now I knew a good deal about her. That—for instance—she had left Swans in her teens to go to school, first in Samoa and then in Hawaii. That in Hawaii she had met and married a State-side Marine Corps sergeant with whom she had gone to live in California and there had had her two blond, blue-eyed children. That she was now returning home for the first time to attend David's wedding and spend some time with her mother (And, incidentally, that Sergeant Billings was a lucky misfire, for she was both lovely to look at and a gay, charming companion.)

"Go, Go dance too," I told her now. "Don't sick yourself with me all evening."

But she shook her dark head, a little sadly. "I can't," she said.

"Can't?"

"I've forgotten how. All night I've been trying to get it back. To feel it again—do it again. But it doesn't come."

She was silent a while. Then she added: "There's even more than that. I can't even speak with them any more." Her voice seemed to catch a little. "They come to talk to me, to be friends with me—my own people—like in the old days; and I can't understand what they're saying."

Midnight came; then 1, then 2 in the morning. And soon after 2 we left together. The party was still gathering momentum as we walked away from it through the empty village: not one but two strangers in an alien world.

The next morning—one morning in thousands—Swans slept late. As I stepped from Wallace's bungalow, there was no sign even of the usual crowd of children that, on all out-islands, follows a *papalagi* (white man) about as if he were, as indeed he is, a man from outer space.

Alone, I walked off along the great curve of the beach. Alone, I sat on the warm sunlit sand and looked out at the

reef and the sea. On the reef the breakers shone white in a gleaming frieze against the sky, and I could hear the sound of their rumbling. It was a sound deeper and quieter than silence; so quiet it seemed to me I could almost hear the rub of shell on sand grains as a hermit crab wove its tiny course along the beach beside me. The press and din, the feasting and dancing of the previous night might have been on another island in another ocean. For here, now, was the classic Desert Island, and I was its castaway. Of all the wonders of a South Sea atoll, this, I think, is the greatest: that here, at one moment, it can throb with a matchless intensity of human living; there, at the next, lie as still and empty as if untouched through all eternity by the hand of man.

Then—"Hi, popolagi!" a shrill voice called.

"Hi, meester!" called another.

And that was the end of solitude and reverse. The village kids had rediscovered me, and back I went with a retinue of jabbering brown imps.

A Polynesian wedding, like the Polish variety, is not looked upon as something to be got over with in a hurry, and often the festivities will last for a week or more. For the Bessie-David nuptials this would not be possible. Swains could not maintain such a swollen population for more than a couple of days; and also there was the *Isabel Rose* cruising back and forth beyond the reef at a pretty penny per hour. But at least there was to be one more night of celebration, and so through this second day, again, the ovens glowed and the smell of roasting porkers filled the air.

Toward midafternoon it was decided that there were not enough of them, and Wally (Wallace was for first-day formalities only) led an expedition of men and dogs to the far side of the island and shot two of the wild pigs that made their home there. Then, toward nightfall, there was a crisis about fish. It was by now, of course, too late to do anything about the big ones, but again Wally organized a party, and off three of us went in an outrigger canoe in quest of the flying variety. We waited until full dark to set out (for flying fish are wary creatures by daylight). Then we moved off into

continued



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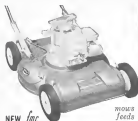
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## ISLAND WEDDING *continued*

the lagoon: Wally erect in the prow with a long-handled net, another man paddling astern, and I seated amidships holding a huge torch of blazing brushwood.

The fish cooperated magnificently. Attracted by the flame, they bore in on us by the school and shoal until the black water gleamed with darting silver. A few leaped of their own accord right into the canoe, or rammed themselves insensibly against its sides and had only to be lifted up. Most, however, had to be netted. And this Wally effected in what seemed less a fishing operation than a ritual dance, his bare body twisting and lunging in the firelight, the long pole darting and sweeping; the net scooping up the fish, singly and by twos and threes, some from beneath the sea, some from its surface, some from the air above as they whizzed past like shining projectiles. In what seemed no time at all we had more than 100 and were back in the "office," adjusting ties and pocket handkerchiefs for the evening's festivities.

David and Bessie were not rewedded on this second night. But otherwise everything was as on the first, even to Bessie's again wearing her bridal gown—and kicking her shoes off. Down went new mountains of food. Up went the beat of the biscuit-tan drums, and round and round went the dancers in miantho siva—no, there was another difference—for at along about 1, Lilly Billings turned to me bravely and said, "Oh heck, let's try." And try we did, feet stomping, hips swaying—while, to my horror, every other dancer in the shed stopped dead to watch.

"*Az, an, rock 'n' roll!*" a voice shouted in admiration.

And I retired precipitately for another Swains Highball.

Then came the third day, and departure. It was scheduled for 9 in the morning. It was rescheduled for noon. And it finally happened at 4; or, at least, began to happen, for there followed another hour of leave-taking. Every human being on the island—plus most of its dogs, chickens and unneaten pigs—was there on the beach, in a welter of handshaking, kissing, embracing and weep-

ing. Even I was bidden goodbye as if I were a charter member of the community (which by now, so warm had been my welcome, I really felt myself to be). And as I waded out at last to the waiting longboat I too was not far from a good old-fashioned Polynesian cry.

Almost all the Samoan guests were returning home. And so too were David and Bessie, for David was to report the following week to begin his government radio job in Pago Pago. But Lilly, with her two children, was staying on to visit with her mother, and there was, I well knew, an added dimension to her sadness as she waved a damp-checked goodbye. For it would be another three months before the next ship came to Swains. During that time there could be no letters to or from her husband. There would be no trim Stateside bungalow, no refrigerator in the kitchen or sedan in the carport, no TV or movies or Saturday night dances at the Camp Pendleton sergeants' club. Nor would there be even a single person with whom she could talk easily in what was now her only natural language. Much as she might love her mother and her onetime home, life on Swains was not going to be easy for a young American matron from Oceanside, Calif.

Now the shore had receded. We departed were again on the *Isabel Rose*, with all but the most optimistic laid out in neat rows on the afterdeck. The ship's horn hoosed; the engine turned; the sea took us. And the recumbent figures groaned and edged closer to the rails. As before, Bessie siroved mightily to remain among the upright, but ended up supine in her husband's arms—which is, after all, exactly where a bride (even seasick) is supposed to be.

Toward noon of the next day we entered Pago Pago Harbor. As we nosed in to the wharf the seagoung corpses once again rose from their shrouds and tottered weakly ashore. Battered but valiant, Bessie rode off in a taxi to her new life as Mrs. David Jennings—the pigs, which were part of her bridal gifts, following in a truck behind. And I, on rubbery legs, made my way through the town. Before, Pago had seemed to me a tiny place, a minute inconsequential outpost lost in the vast Pacific. Now, after Swains, it was Metropolis—the very center of the world.

END



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

In a four-game split between the St. Louis Cardinals and Los Angeles Dodgers there were 87 hits, including 15 home runs, off 18 pitchers. Seven players were hurt, among them the Dodgers' Duke Snider (broken elbow), Charlie Neal (injured knee) and Norm Sherry (kidney injury). Daryl Spencer and Ken Boyer, who played despite neuritis in his right shoulder, each hit three home runs for the Cardinals, and Wally Moon (see page 9) blasted three for the Dodgers. Leo Durocher spent the last day of his three-day suspension working on his stamp collection, then was given an 80-pound rhabarb pie (see page 28) upon his return. The Pittsburgh Pirates kept pecking out singles (#2 of their first 103 hits), got a three-hitter from Bob Fennel and won two of three from the Cubs. Manager Alvin Dark of the San Francisco Giants rearranged his lineup after two losses to the Reds. His "defensive team" then nipped the Reds 2-1 as Mike McCormack gave just four hits. Good relief pitching (two runs, six hits in 22 innings) sustained the Cincinnati Reds, but the hitting failed. When Second Baseman Elton Chacon was hurt, Jim Raftery replaced him, struck out six straight, times. Eddie Kasko then moved to second, with Leo Cardenas taking his place at shortstop. Vedic Himel ended his two-week tenure as head coach of the Chicago Cubs, turning the job over to Harry Craft. Under Himel the Cubs won five, lost six. Charlie Dressen fretted about Milwaukee's left field and the weather. Three left fielders had only one hit in 19 at bats. Because of cold, rain and an

open date, the Braves played just once in seven days. They trailed 6-2 with two out and the bases loaded in the ninth when Dressen inserted Mel Roach, a right-handed hitter and a fourth left-field candidate, to pinch-hit. With Dick Farrell, a right-hander, pitching for the Phillies, the logical move would have been to use Lee Maye, a left-handed hitter. Dressen's reason: "Roach gets a better piece of the ball." Roach hit a grand slam home run and the Braves won in the 11th. Superb pitching stopped a four-game slide by the Philadelphia Phillies. Frank Sullivan and Art Mahaffey shut out the Cubs in a double-header. Mahaffey had a four-hitter and struck out 17.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Detroit Tigers rattled out 43 hits, scored 31 runs, won five in a row (boosting their streak to seven) and took over first place. Doing the hitting were Dick Brown (.455), Al Kaline (.417), Jake Wood (.333) and Norm Cash (.300). Baltimore fans considered changing the team slogan from "It can be done in '61" to "Can it be done in '61?" They were encouraged, though, when the Orioles won two of three from the Yankees. There were only two home runs among the Cleveland Indians' first 89 bats this season. The Indians went five games without a homer, lost three of them and slipped to fourth place. Woodie Held revealed that the operation on his back last year—which seems to have been successful—was for a malignant growth. Mickey Mantle did some lusty hitting (five home runs, 11 RBIs, .455 batting average) as the New York Yankees won four



**GOOD CONTROL** gave White Sox's Joe McCann his second win, enabled Chicago's relief specialist Don Elston to win one, save another.

of six. His fadding was better than ever. Sportscenter Phil Rizzuto described one spectacular catch by Mantle this way: "Holy cow, his arm must have stretched 20 feet." George Brophy, Minnesota's assistant farm director, smiled about a mistake he made last year. As general manager of the Red Sox' Minneapolis farm team, he released a pitcher named Billy Pless. Picked up by the Twins (see page 50), Pless has now won two games, saved another. Shortstop Zorro Velasquez's fielding was being compared to that of Luis Aparicio. His hitting (.375) and speed (four stolen bases) have been equally impressive. Bill Veck, president of the Chicago White Sox, groaned as his team allowed four unearned runs and lost to the Senators. Said Veck, "It makes you wish you were in some legitimate business—like pushing dope." The Boston Red Sox were involved in five one-run decisions, winning three. The Washington Senators' pitching (2.90 ERA) has been surprisingly effective. After beating the Twins for his second win, Joe McCann had a 2.65 ERA and no walks in 17 innings. Bud Daley beat the Indians 5-2 as the Kansas City Athletics went on what was, for them, a batting rampage. They got eight hits and boosted the team batting average from .173 to .191. It was their lone win in four games. Ted Kluszewski was hitting .333 and Ken Hummel .300, but the rest of the Los Angeles Angels were batting .172. That's why they lost seven straight.

## TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
LA	Moon	526	T Davis	333	Neal	351
PH	Cantel	365	Musk	357	Shurt	346
ST	Carden	383	Wynn	382	F Alou	245
SF	Cunningham	400	Jones	363	Spencer	371
GI	Thomas	400	Sandoz	371	Zimmer	361
GR	Post	418	Wicko	375	Blaney	313
MI	Matthews	354	McCluskey	294	Arnes	286
PH	Gonzalez	423	Taylor	292	Gelbert	273

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Det. Wood	375	Kalene	368	two tied with 333	
Min. Green	333	Wesley	324	Mincher	300
NY. Rivers	426	Morley	366	Schmidt	288
Bos. Sumner	394	Geiger	346	Robinson	227
Cle. Temple	405	Phillips	355	Farrell	324
Chi. Fox	367	Lindor	285	Aparicio	261
MG. Lunde	383	Tyler	268	Robinson	241
Wash. Taylor	370	O'Connell	321	Kennedy	281
BA. Brandt	423	Snyder	316	Trinidad	269
LA. Blumstein	363	Neal	300	Crew	208

## RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Runs Scored	Team	Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
19	6	18	
7	7	16	
5	4	13	
7	6	13	
18	3	13	

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mante, NY ( 360)	7	4	13
Kalene, Det ( 358)	6	4	12
Cook, Det ( 333)	8	4	12
Alison, Minn ( 290)	4	3	12
Versalles, Minn ( 324)	6	5	11
Borzi, Det ( 316)	4	7	11

\* Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE					
LA. Pines	1.96	Byrdette	2.45	Kentaz	3.86
PH. Bobbin	2.05	Fennel	3.13	Kane	4.26
SF. McCormack	1.80	Snider	3.54	Jones	4.05
SL. Summers	2.17	Reggie	3.04	Edison	3.80
CH. Elston	0.80	Elsworth	3.27	Anderson	3.88
CA. Watt	0.80	Puckey	1.03	Jay	2.76
MI. Spahn	1.83	Bell	3.01	Burdette	6.55
PH. Green	0.69	Buchard	3.40	Roberts	4.93

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

DET. Lary	1.50	Moss	1.80	Burnham	4.50
MIN. Kent	1.78	Fennel	2.45	Roberts	3.00
NY. Ford	1.16	Taylor	3.06	Dolan	3.84
BOS. Brown	1.25	DeLack	2.40	Woodhouse	2.57
CLE. Gatzel	2.57	Perry	3.80	Antonioli	4.50
CH. Kinnaman	1.00	Wynn	3.27	McLusk	4.18
MG. Wheeler	2.68	Walker	3.84	Quay	4.03
WASH. Kistner	0.80	Seaver	2.57	McCann	2.45
BA. Withall	0.90	Reider	1.83	Fisher	3.46
LA. Cleveland	0.00	Gibb	3.40	McKabe	3.63

Record matters through Sunday, April 22



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SHANNON'S PANTS

Sirs,  
Kudos to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Barbara Heifman for the excellent and penetrating article on Shannon Brown and St. Stephen's (*Farewell to Shannon Brown*, April 3). Yes, there is hope for our Indians there. Faults they have, as we all do, but they have two outstanding traits for which I came to love them very much: simplicity and guilelessness. This I know. I taught at St. Stephen's for three years—and sewed up Shannon's trunks the night they split!

Lewis B. O'Neil, S.J.

Los Gatos, Calif.

## HAWKEYE AND THE HALL

Sirs:  
If Oriole Manager Paul Richards (*Hawkeye and his Boy Scouts*, April 17) wins the pennant with the outfield he has assembled, he will certainly be elected to baseball's Hall of Fame.

TOM MAGUIRE

New Orleans

Sirs:

If there ever is a sportswriter's hall of fame, Roy Terrell should be the first to be chosen. His article on Paul Richards was truly great.

CHARLES INFANTINO

Buffalo

## FISH STORY

Sirs:  
The paintings by Thomas B. Allen for the article on Golden Gate Fishing (April 17), especially the one on the cover, are breathtaking. Mr. Allen somehow captures the heart of fishing, in his vivid colors and striking contrasts, as its participants see it.

ALAN RADER

White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs:

As an ex-editor of a local fishing and hunting weekly, I want to protest the story on Bay Area fishing. Not only is the fishing poor where you author claims it good, but the best fishing in the area is left out of the story altogether. In my opinion, far and away the best fishing comes from rockfish and ling cod taken in limited proportions the year round off the coast just south of San Francisco.

BOB WOOD

San Francisco

## CONGO BOUND

Sirs:  
When your feature on Naval Chief Petty Officer Lew Lulek (*PAT ON THE BACK*, April 3) came to our attention here in the Bureau of Naval Personnel we took steps to procure basketballs and equipment for the chief to use in the Congo. But, before we could do so, the Vot Rubber Corporation made us a donation of a dozen basketballs, two goals and two inflators. This equipment

has now been airlifted to Leopoldville for Chief Lulek.

The universal appeal, and language, of sports has prevailed once again.

W. R. SENTERING III  
Vice Admiral, USN

Washington, D.C.

## CROWD OF THE YEAR

Sirs:  
Now suppose—just suppose—that the Chicago Cubs do win the 1961 National League pennant (*The Cubs and All Their Coaches*, April 10). Eight managers of the year?

BOB GELLMAN

New York City

## A HAND FOR ROGUE

Sirs:  
Certainly nothing but praise should be rendered to the memory of Humphrey Bogart for his brilliant analysis and play of the hand illustrated in Charles Goren's column (*The Best in Bridge*, April 10). But West has only himself to blame for allowing Mr. Bogart (South) to effect this bit of subterfuge and make his contract.

Both sides vulnerable. West dealer.

NORTH		SOUTH	
♦ 10 8 2	♥ 7 5 2	♠ A J 8 6 3	♣ A
EAST		WEST	
♦ A K 7 6 4 3	♥ Q J 9 8 4	♠ 4	♣ 5
SOUTH		WEST	
♦ Q J 5	♥ 6 3	♠ 10 2	♣ A Q 10 6 3 2
WEST		SOUTH	
♦ —	♥ A K 10	♠ K Q 9 7 5	♣ J 9 8 7 4

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♦	PASS	1 ♠	2 ♣
2 ♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: King of hearts

On the opening lead of the heart king, East's play of the queen demands that partner underlead his ace at trick two. West should therefore lead out his 10, which East

overtakes with the jack. East then should return the ace and king of spades, on which West discards the heart ace and a small diamond. A third spade-lead by East gives West a club ruff, and defense has book. West then exits with the diamond king, which is taken with dummy's ace.

The hands now are as follows:

NORTH		SOUTH	
♦ 10	♥ 7	♠ J 8 6 3	♣ K
EAST		WEST	
♦ 7 6 4	♥ 9 8 4	♠ —	♣ 5
SOUTH		WEST	
♦ —	♥ —	♠ 10	♣ A Q 10 6 3 2
WEST		SOUTH	
♦ —	♥ —	♠ Q 9 7	♣ J 9 8 7

Declarer now has no play from dummy, which will avoid the loss of the setting trick to defense. In fact, unless dummy leads the spade 10 and South discards the diamond 10, or makes this play after cashing the club king, defense can take two tricks.

JOSEPH GRYSON

San Francisco

● "The point," says Card Editor Goren, "is well taken, for any expert defender would indeed underlead the heart at trick two."—ED.

## THE NON-PROS

Sirs:  
Having been a member of the almost extinct group of American amateur jai alai players, I am very interested in New York Jai Alai's pronounced intentions to teach the sport to American youngsters (*Scorecards*, April 10).

A near fatal blow to the development of American Jai Alai players occurred around 1957 when an amateur was seriously injured at the Miami Jai Alai fronton. Since then, most frontons have refused to allow amateur play.

I hope that Sally will not deviate from his plan.

DAVID H. KATZ

Ann Arbor, Mich.

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**PAT ON THE BACK****THE BRAUERS***At home on the range*

On Sundays—and just about any other day they can manage it—Bill Brauer, a store owner of Fond du Lac, Wis., and all four of his children reach for their guns, pile into the family station wagon and head for the trapshooting range. Mr. Brauer has been blasting clay birds to bits since 1945, so it was no surprise to anyone that his two sons, Bill and Dick, grew up wanting to shoot. What was a surprise—and a happy one—to Brauer was that his two daughters, Barb, 17, and Patty, 13, grew up equally enthusiastic.

"I had hoped the girls would take to it," he says, "but I couldn't be sure."

Both Barb and Patty give the male Brauers stiff competition. Barb's aim is so good she breaks 87% of her targets, Patty 80%. Bill Jr. (at top of picture next to Bill Sr.) is the family champ, averages 96.92%. In a recent championship he missed only three birds out of 400.

Mrs. Brauer is the only member of the family who doesn't shoot. Her game is golf. "Someone," she says, "has to keep the balance in this household."



Art Fico

## The Wealthy Blacksmith

Meet Bill Brennan, a village smith who contradicts the notion that his is a dying art

by EDWIN P. HOYT

Until the first of June last year, when I chanced to buy my daughter Diana a horse, I, like most other horseless citizens, was unaware of the fact that blacksmiths still ply their trade. I did not question the existence of smiths. I simply did not ever think about them.

But then Little Man arrived and Diana decided she would trot him down the macadam road to show him to her friends at school. The trouble was, he had no shoes. And so a cheerful blacksmith came into our lives.

Bill Brennan showed up at my place in a battered yellow pickup truck and parked beneath our spreading filbert trees. As he emerged from the cab and slammed the door there was no mistaking his occupation. From his long, curly brown hair, past his grinning imp's face, past brawny arms and chest that swelled his dirty T shirt, past the rawhide chaps from which his steel-toed boots peered—a mighty man was he.

With a large and sinewy hand Brennan picked up Little Man's left foreleg, then turned to the bed of the truck

for tools and the proper size of shoe. There he kept his forge, which looked more like a 50-gallon drum with a half moon cut out of one side. His anvil was in the truck as well, and a supply of horseshoes of every conceivable size: clean new horseshoes from the foundry, rusted shoes that had been rattling around in the back of the truck for some time, and discarded shoes that had been thrown in the back as new ones were fitted to Blacksmith Brennan's clientele.

From the truck Brennan lifted a heavy wooden tray in which reposed his basic tools: clippers, a small claw hammer, a double handful of shiny, flat-sided, tapered shoeing nails and a rasp. He found the shoes, and then, after some consultation, we led Little Man into the garage, where Brennan would work on an even concrete floor—a matter of some interest to him, since there he could move more quickly to escape any left-hoof jabs that might be thrown.

Little Man had been touted to us for his gentility, and he quite lived up to that billing. With all the aplomb of his 10-year-old mistress acquiring a new pair of sneakers, he let Brennan pick up his hoofs, one by one. By this time an audience of enthusiasts—none but myself past 11—had gathered to observe the ceremonies. Brennan grinned at them, crinkled eyes laughing through the tan,

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## The Wealthy Blacksmith *continued*

and made sure only that all were out of range before he got to work. He was quite used to working before a crowd.

His first move was to clap the dirty, ragged excess growth from Little Man's hoof. As he did so, an acrid, unpleasant, fleshy smell filled the air of the garage. Noses were held, and breaths exhaled loudly, amid an off-beat chorus of the ancient question:

"Doesn't that hurt him?"

the horse's feet to note when his hoofs outgrew his shoes.

Not all shoeing jobs are so simple. The average nag is moderately skittish about having his hoof poked, and is usually tied to a stout post on a short halter. He is liable to prance nervously on three legs, and even try to rear to pull the offending foot away from the smith. That nervousness is the reason for Brennan's steel-toed boots. When he began shoeing professionally just a few years ago, he wore cowboy boots. But



BRENNAN HEATS A SHOE IN THE FORGE PERCHED ON THE BACK OF HIS PICKUP TRUCK

Assured with a chuckle by the blacksmith that it was essentially the same as mother's paring of their own grumpy fingernails, the experts quieted down.

The slough was cut away, and the rasp was passed over the hoof with a few quick pulls. The blacksmith picked up a handful of nails, transferred them to his mouth, and locked the horse's hoof in a viselike grip between his knees. A few quick taps, driving the nails in at an angle and the shoe was on. The nails, which protruded through the sides of the hoof, were cut and bent over. In 10 minutes the entire job was finished, and the youngsters were scrambling in the back of the truck for ancient, used symbols of good luck. Blacksmith Brennan was ready to move on to the next stable after a friendly tip to me to watch

after suffering a half dozen broken toes he switched to steelworkers' shoes as more appropriate, if less romantic.

With a nervous horse, the pounding of a nail into a jerking hoof held between the knees is a little like firing a machine gun from a moving airplane at another moving target. Brennan does his shoeing in just such short bursts, pounding each nail into the hoof with great speed. He is careful to avoid the "quick" of the hoof, for this quick is as sensitive as the dentine of a tooth, and "counterfeits" can be made through careless shoeing. A "counterfeit" is a horse that fights shoeing. In everything else a horse may be tame as the original Dobbin, but if he has been hurt he may turn outlaw at the approach of a smith.

The "counterfeit" must be roped in a

way that precludes kicking, biting and rearing—no mean task for a man confronting a thousand pounds of snorting unhappiness. But no one ever helps Brennan. For all his brawn he is agile as a dancer, but he cannot guarantee that the other fellow won't get kicked during the process—so there is no other fellow.

In roping, Brennan passes a loop around one of the "counterfeit's" rear legs, near the ankle, and draws the other end of the rope tight around the horse's neck so that the leg is pulled high under the belly, immobilizing both head and leg. The horse then has only two feet to stand on while Brennan works on the third.

I watched Brennan shoe a skittish buckskin at the local stable one day, a pony that was even smaller than our Little Man, but whose manners were much less polished. Brennan was able to determine the shoe size without too much trouble, but when he moved to apply the set of shoes the buckskin reared his eyes, showed his teeth, laid his ears flat along his neck and began to kick and neigh. Brennan talked to the horse for a few minutes, trying to quiet him, but with no more effect than a father talking up the dentist to a 6-year-old with a toothache.

So the blacksmith dropped the hoof over which he was bent, slugged the buckskin twice on the jaw and kicked him in the belly. The buckskin shut up and stood still.

"I don't like to rough them up," he said, "but sometimes there's only one thing they understand."

The price for shoeing a well-mannered horse, a reluctant buckskin or a plain mean "counterfeit" is one and the same. In my area of Long Island a commercial stable pays \$7 a head for shoeing and a private party pays \$10, more than it costs me to shoe the horse's mistress—and she can maintain a pair of shoes for more than the six weeks the horse wears his.

The most horses Brennan has done in one day is 22. He averages 75 to 80 jobs a week—or more than \$500 a week.

Like Longfellow's village smith, "he earns what'er he can." In Brennan's case, with horses all over Long Island needing shoes every six weeks or so, he can earn just as much as he wants. The competition among smiths is not keen,

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## The Wealthy Blacksmith *continued*

and there is far more work than workers.

The first time I saw Brennan he had a fine new polo saddle beside him on the seat of his battered truck. He owned three ponies and played polo when he could find the spare time, more in winter, indoors in New York City, than in summer, when horses neigh for shoes. The next time I saw him, driving a brand-new green Chevrolet truck this time, he had given up polo for the year. The new saddle had gone to his sister, who had just joined an all-girl polo team. She also got one of the polo ponies. Brennan's new enthusiasm was boating. On the Sunday before, he had gone out for a spin in a powerboat, with his wife Ethel and his two children. It was a revelation. If the blacksmith stayed at home on summer Sundays there was an almost irresistible temptation to work. Owners had been known to drive to Brennan's house early on a Sunday morning, hauling their horses in trailers behind them, and plead for shoes—even before breakfast. In a boat, Brennan could get away from horses, away from the telephone.

Ethel Brennan, tired of not seeing her husband on Sundays, and annoyed with the pleas of shoeless horse lovers, responded to her husband's enthusiasm. Before the day was out the blacksmith saw a cabin cruiser chugging by that he liked and immediately decided that he would buy one just like it. He had never ridden on such a boat, or operated one, or even investigated its sleeping capacity or performance. But it was the one he liked, and the one he will buy. For the time being, however, he very practically postponed his boat purchase (the craft he has in mind sells for \$7,800) and decided reluctantly to put the money into refurbishing his home.

He also disposed of his polo ponies, whose board alone was costing him \$240 a month at a Huntington stable. He might play polo again. Then again, he might not. He had gotten into blacksmithing because of his love for horses. But now that he works with horses all day, every day, he has found, reluctantly, that he likes to get away from them on his days off. The life of a Long Island blacksmith can be very complicated.

When Brennan does play polo, with

some cronies from the Huntington Polo Club, he plays the game well. He has no goal rating, since he cannot play all year around. But most of his playing companions are three- and four-goal men, and Brennan keeps right up with them.

For the most part Brennan is a self-taught blacksmith. He began shoeing horses when he was in high school. He met a smith, learned a few things, then began to do his own work. While in the 11th grade he became bored with school, and left school to make his living driving a bakery truck. When he was 17 he began courting his wife, and when he was 19 and still on the bakery truck, they were married. They moved into a house next to Brennan's father, on a piece of family land, where they still live.

Brennan says he will continue to shoe horses, at least for the next 10 or 12 years. Then, before he is 40, he intends to retire and begin living off his income. The income, according to his plans, will be derived from 10 or 12 houses he plans to buy, at the rate of one a year, as rental property and investment.

Horseshoeing, Brennan has found, is a young man's game. Few of the smiths he knows around Long Island are over 40. For a smith is much like a ballplayer, Brennan says. "Around 35 your back and legs start to go," he points out, "and when they give out, that's when you're liable to get hurt."

Brennan delivered that little homily on the day I watched him shoe the buckskin. He was taking a break, talking to all comers. He hooked his hand in his rawhide chaps at the beltline, propped one leathered leg behind the other and raved back a little.

"Some people who come and watch me working laugh and talk about blacksmithing being a dying trade," he said. "I'll tell you one thing. It's the growingest trade I know."

With horses outgrowing their shoes faster than children (and sometimes throwing a shoe and ruining the whole set), and maybe 5,000 horses on Long Island alone all needing shoes perhaps eight times a year at \$7 to \$10 a set, and with few enough smiths so that each man works just as often or as seldom as he wants—here's a reluctant one-horse-stable proprietor who couldn't agree more.

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